To find yourself, you must first lose everything.
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To find yourself, you must first lose everything.

by luvsickminbin

Summary

In 2007, after spending nine years in Azkaban, Harry Potter witnesses the slow death of magic itself. With the magical world unravelling, he pleads with Lady Magic, vowing to protect and restore the balance he once fought to defend. In response, Lady Magic and Death grant him a second chance, sending him back to 1941, where he discovers the deep-rooted manipulations that shaped his life and the future of wixen-kind.

Armed with knowledge of the future and the opportunity for a fresh start, Harry unravels the forces that controlled his fate. Now, he must navigate a turbulent past to rewrite the future, facing off against the shadows of those who seek to corrupt magic. With the ability to save the wizarding world, Harry's battle is no longer just against dark wizards — it’s a fight to preserve the very essence of magic itself. And he won't do it alone this time.

A/N : NOT AN UPDATE

Okay well, my apologies for going radio silent.

I kind of realised I absolutely hate how I've written this... and I should've definitely planned it out more.

So... this will either be deleted or revised entirely. Sorry, I know there's been a few comments saying they enjoyed the few chapters I've posted but every time i re-read this, it makes me shiver. If I do keep this vague plot idea, it'll be re-done from chapter 1.

If I do delete this, whatever story I end up posting eventually will end up with the same sort of scenarios (They're some of my favourite cliche's and plot points what can I say.)

I just want to be able to post something that doesn't make me shiver and cringe each time I read it. And I will be taking longer to upload chapters instead of doing multiple at once - because it just means the plots already continued by the time I realise I want to change anything <3

-luvsickminbin

An introduction

This is a work of fanfiction based on the Harry Potter series by J.K. Rowling. All recognizable characters, settings, and elements of the Wizarding World belong to J.K. Rowling, Warner Bros., and their respective copyright holders. No copyright infringement is intended, and this work is created purely for entertainment and non-commercial purposes. The original storyline and any original characters within this work are the creation of the author.

I also do NOT support the actions and words of J.K Rowling, I am trans and queer and in no way hold the same beliefs as her. That will be very obvious within this story. Thank you.

This story is being re-written ! Previously it had about 6/7 chapters that were posted but I find myself growing annoyed with the way i'd written them. This isn't a re-upload, I have just deleted the previous chapters after having been told people would prefer me to do it under the same title to make it easier to find.

The story that this was before is not going to be the same as this new one.

This includes OP!Harry, I know some people don't like that, but this is something I find fun and it's a cliché I enjoy.

This will contain *a lot* of Dumbledore bashing, if you do not like it - don't read it. I hate that man.

A lot of this story is based on what I would want to read, or things that interest me - this fanfic is just for fun. I'm not here to be criticised for not following canon or writing in things that are "odd".

If some things are not explained in the fanfiction, it will be explained in the notes at the end of the chapter to give you more context.

Please be patient when it comes to chapter updates, I do not have a schedule and i'll update when I want to.

And PLEASE read the tags !!

Before the start of this fanfiction, EVERYTHING that happened in HP s canon in Harry's 1st life.

Inspiration from the start of this story is from Magic's Echo Through Time written by WriteWithMagic ! I adore this fic so so much and as I was writing the first few chapters I realised my brain automatically went down the same sort of road ! So i really recommend reading that fic, it's incredible.

Only those you trust can betray you.

Chapter Summary

I've finally come to a decision on what i'm doing with this story. This chapter is short, as it's only the very beginning ! <3

July 31st, 1998

Grimmauld Place was as quiet as a grave. Dust motes danced in the dim light filtering through the heavy curtains, and the once-grand home still bore scars from the war. Harry Potter sat at the weathered kitchen table, absentmindedly running his fingers over the grain of the wood.

The past few months had been… surreal. The war was over. Voldemort was gone. Yet, the hollow victory left Harry feeling like a stranger in his own life. He had spent most of his time holed up here, away from the accolades, the endless questions, and the crushing weight of fame that had only intensified since the final battle.

Hermione had tried to coax him out. Ron and Ginny too. But he hadn't wanted to face the world just yet. Not until he could piece together what was left of himself.

Today, his 18th birthday, started no differently. The morning passed in relative silence until a tawny owl swooped through the open window, dropping a crisp Ministry-sealed envelope onto the table. Harry frowned, recognizing the handwriting on the front.

Kingsley Shacklebolt.

He opened the letter slowly, the scent of fresh parchment wafting up as he unfolded it. The message was simple and straightforward:

Dear Mr. Potter,

First and foremost, allow me to extend my gratitude for everything you have done for the wizarding world.

I would like to formally invite you to the Ministry of Magic today for

an important matter. It pertains to documenting the events surrounding Voldemort's defeat, ensuring the historical record is accurate, and addressing any lingering questions.

Please arrive at your earliest convenience through the standard Apparition points.

Sincerely,

Kingsley Shacklebolt

Acting Minister of Magic

Harry set the letter down, considering the request. It seemed innocent enough. Kingsley had spent the past few months restructuring the Ministry, rooting out corruption, and trying to rebuild trust with the wizarding community. If anyone could lead this new era, it was Kingsley.

"This might not be so bad," Harry muttered to himself. It wasn't as though he could hide forever.

After pulling on his best set of robes—admittedly still a bit loose from his recent lack of appetite—Harry apparated directly to the Ministry's designated point.

The moment he arrived, unease prickled at the back of his neck. The usually bustling area was eerily quiet, save for the shuffling of boots. Harry's eyes darted around, landing on a large group of Aurors. At least a dozen, wands raised, their expressions cold and unyielding.

"What the—" Harry started to say, but before he could finish, a jet of red light struck him square in the chest.

The world tilted as he collapsed to the cold stone floor.

When Harry came to, his limbs were bound, and his wand was gone. He was being dragged—no, levitated—down a long corridor. His heart pounded as realization dawned. The Atrium was behind him, and

ahead loomed the Ministry's vast courtroom.

"Let me go!" he shouted, only to find his voice silenced by a spell.

The doors to the courtroom swung open, revealing a space far larger than Harry remembered. The Wizengamot filled the seats, their faces a mix of judgment and curiosity. On the viewing side, the gallery was packed with witches and wizards murmuring amongst themselves.

Harry was forced into the chair at the center of the room, its iron restraints snapping shut around his wrists and ankles. The stunner spell lifted, but the silencing charm remained in place. He glared daggers at the man seated at the head of the room.

Kingsley Shacklebolt.

The Acting Minister's face was stony, unreadable. When he finally spoke, his deep voice echoed through the chamber.

"Harry James Potter, you stand accused of grave crimes against the wizarding world."

Harry's brow furrowed in confusion. Crimes? What crimes?

Kingsley continued, his tone unwavering. "You are charged with conspiracy with Lord Voldemort, use of the Unforgivable Curses, assault on Ministry officials, and the intent to assume the mantle of Dark Lord."

The room erupted in gasps and whispers.

Harry couldn't believe his ears. He struggled against the restraints, the silencing spell preventing his protests. It wasn't until Kingsley gestured to a piece of parchment that the true weight of the moment struck him.

"This letter," Kingsley said, lifting it for all to see, "was written by Albus Dumbledore and magically sealed to arrive in my hands on the day of Harry Potter's 18th birthday."

The murmurs grew louder.

Kingsley began to read aloud. "In this letter, Dumbledore states that Harry Potter houses a piece of Voldemort's soul—a Horcrux. While Voldemort himself is gone, the presence of the soul fragment poses a great threat. Left unchecked, it will corrupt Harry, inevitably turning

him into the next Dark Lord."

Harry's breath caught in his throat.

Kingsley continued, his voice grim. "Dumbledore also details instances where Harry displayed dangerous behavior—using the Cruciatus Curse, defying Ministry authority, and wielding immense power with little regard for consequence. He concludes by stating that Harry Potter must be held accountable to protect the wizarding world from future harm."

The silencing charm was lifted, and Harry's fury exploded.

"This is insane!" he shouted. "I've done nothing but fight to protect everyone! How can you believe this rubbish?"

Harry barely had time to register his fury before another silencing spell struck him, cutting his voice off mid-yell. He slumped back against the chair, the metal restraints digging painfully into his wrists as his wild eyes darted around the room, searching for anything or anyone that could help.

Kingsley adjusted his posture, his deep voice carrying a note of finality. "We will now call forth witnesses to corroborate the claims made in Dumbledore's letter."

Witnesses? Harry's stomach dropped.

"The first witness," Kingsley announced, "Ronald Billius Weasley."

Harry froze.

The familiar mop of red hair stood out in the crowd as Ron Weasley rose from his seat. He moved stiffly, like a man on a mission, though his face betrayed no emotion.

Betrayal. Betrayal. Traitor. Traitor.

The words screamed through Harry's mind, a relentless chant as he watched Ron ascend the steps to the witness stand.

Ron sat down, avoiding Harry's wide, incredulous eyes.

Kingsley turned to him, speaking with a calm yet firm tone. "Mr. Weasley, to your knowledge, has Harry Potter ever spoken about the fragment of Voldemort's soul within him?"

Harry's mind reeled. He *knew* the answer to this— *of course not!* He had never told anyone about being a Horcrux before the final battle, and afterward, it had been a matter of relief that the cursed fragment was gone. Plus Hermione was the only one to deduce that he was a Horcrux right before Harry walked to his death! The horcrux was gone, clearly, Voldemort himself had destroyed it!

"Yes," Ron said.

The word slammed into Harry like a Bludger to the chest. He stared at Ron, willing him to take it back, to say it was a mistake, a joke, anything but this.

"And what was his opinion on it?" Kingsley asked.

Ron hesitated briefly, a shadow crossing his face. Then, in a measured voice, he said, "He… he didn't seem to think it was a bad thing. He said it made him special. Said it gave him a connection to Voldemort that no one else had. He thought it made him stronger."

Harry's silent screams echoed in his mind. It wasn't true! None of it was true!

Kingsley nodded, his expression grave. "Thank you, Mr. Weasley. You may return to the witness box."

Ron stood, casting a fleeting glance toward Harry. For a moment, Harry thought he saw regret in his former friend's eyes, but it vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

Harry didn't have time to process the betrayal before Kingsley spoke again.

"The next witness: Hermione Jean Granger."

Harry's heart sank further.

Hermione, the brightest witch of their age, the woman who had stood by him through every trial, every hardship. Surely, *surely,* she wouldn't—

Hermione stood, her steps deliberate and her face carefully blank. She made her way to the stand, her bushy hair bouncing slightly as she took a seat.

Harry's thoughts grew louder, more frenzied.

Traitor. Traitor. Betrayal. Betrayal.

Kingsley repeated the questions. “Ms. Granger, has Harry Potter ever spoken about the fragment of Voldemort’s soul within him? And what were his opinions on it?”

Hermione inhaled sharply, as if steeling herself. Then she began to speak, her voice clear and steady. “Yes, Harry has spoken about it. He told me… he told me that he sometimes felt like it wasn’t entirely gone, that a part of Voldemort had stayed with him even after the Horcrux was destroyed.”

Harry’s mouth opened in a silent gasp. *What?* He had never said anything of the sort!

“And,” she continued, “he talked about how… how Voldemort wasn’t all bad. He mentioned that Tom Riddle—Voldemort—was handsome, charismatic, and brilliant. He said that he sometimes wondered if Tom was right about certain things.”

Hermione’s voice faltered for the first time, her eyes flicking toward Harry. “He didn’t say it outright, but… he made it clear he had a fascination with Voldemort. With his power.”

The courtroom was deathly silent.

Harry’s chest heaved as he stared at Hermione, his mind a whirlwind of disbelief and rage.

Yes, he had remarked, privately, on Tom Riddle’s appearance. But that meant nothing! You’d have to be blind not to see the man was handsome. And as for the rest— *fabrications! Lies!*

Kingsley nodded solemnly. “Thank you, Ms. Granger. You may return to your seat.”

As Hermione rose and stepped down, Harry caught her gaze. For a fleeting moment, her lips twitched as if to form an apology, but it never came.

She sat down beside Ron, her face unreadable.

Harry’s thoughts were a cacophony now, each one louder than the last.

Traitor. Traitor. Betrayal. Betrayal.

Harry's mind was ablaze with rage and despair, his thoughts like a relentless storm. He watched Hermione and Ron sit side by side in the witness box, their faces carefully blank, betraying not a shred of regret or apology.

Harry's lip curled into a snarl, his emotions too overwhelming to contain. He bared his teeth at them, his fury raw and unfiltered. They flinched at the sight, their shoulders stiffening, but neither dared to meet his gaze.

Turning sharply, Harry locked eyes with Kingsley Shacklebolt. " **You too?** " his expression seemed to say. Kingsley's face was carved in stone, but there was something else—a grimace, like Harry was no longer the boy he'd fought beside in the war, but something to be scraped off the bottom of his boot.

The sting of that unspoken judgment cut deeper than Harry could have imagined.

Kingsley's deep voice echoed through the courtroom, pulling Harry from his spiraling thoughts. "Those in favor of a life sentence in Azkaban for Harry Potter, raise your wands."

Time slowed.

Harry's green eyes darted around the courtroom, searching for some semblance of reason, of support. One by one, wands lifted high into the air. Rows upon rows of Wizengamot members raised their wands without hesitation, the motion as cold and automatic as breathing.

His stomach churned, the weight of betrayal crushing him under its immense gravity. He couldn't process it. Not fully.

But then, his frantic gaze landed on a small cluster of holdouts.

Narcissa Malfoy. Her chin held high, defiant as ever, her pale wand remained firmly lowered.

Beside her, **Draco Malfoy** sat stiffly, his jaw clenched and eyes narrowed, but his wand also stayed down.

Further back, **Augusta Longbottom** , Neville's formidable grandmother, sat with her lips pursed in obvious disapproval, her wand pointedly at her side.

And, to Harry's surprise, **Amelia Bones** , the stern and respected figure who had once been Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, also refrained from raising her wand. There were a few others—faces Harry didn't recognize, many of them likely aligned with the former Dark faction—but in the sea of raised wands, their rebellion was an ember in a storm.

Despite the suffocating anger and betrayal flooding his senses, Harry felt a flicker of relief. A tiny crack of light in the overwhelming darkness. Not *everyone* believed the lies. Not everyone wanted him condemned.

His gaze shifted to the gallery, scanning the viewers' faces. There, in the farthest row, he spotted two familiar figures: **Neville Longbottom** and **Luna Lovegood** .

Both of them were crying.

Luna's large, silver eyes were shimmering, and Neville's shoulders shook as tears rolled down his face. Harry's chest tightened at the sight.

He swallowed hard and forced a small, broken smile onto his face, barely managing the gesture. He hoped it conveyed what words couldn't: **Thank you for believing in me.**

Neville stiffened, as though bolstered by the simple act, and Luna gave him the faintest nod.

The moment shattered when Kingsley's gavel slammed against the desk, its harsh *crack* resonating through the chamber.

"Harry James Potter," Kingsley intoned, his voice cold and distant, "you have been found guilty. You are hereby sentenced to life imprisonment in Azkaban."

The silencing charm on Harry lifted, but the courtroom stayed eerily silent, waiting for his inevitable outburst.

But Harry didn't yell. He didn't curse.

Instead, he met Kingsley's gaze, his own emerald eyes blazing with quiet, restrained fury. His voice, when he spoke, was soft—too soft for the weight of the words he uttered.

"I hope you know," he said, his tone calm but razor-sharp, "this will

come back to bite you. **Traitors.** ”

The word hung in the air like a blade, cutting deep even as Harry stood tall in his chains.

Aurors flanked him on either side, their grips tight and unyielding as they hauled him out of the chair. The crowd parted like waves, their stares burning holes into Harry as he was dragged through the courtroom.

He didn’t look back at Ron or Hermione. He didn’t need to.

Their betrayal was another scar he would carry forever.

Ignorance will be the death of magic.

When Harry finally arrived at Azkaban, the heavy iron doors creaked open, revealing the grim, desolate fortress that loomed over the sea. The very air seemed to suffocate him, thick with a sense of endless despair. He was surrounded by a suffocating number of Aurors—at least ten, though Harry wasn't sure why so many were necessary. He wasn't exactly in a state to fight back. His body was already drained, his mind on fire with rage, and he wasn't about to make a scene. Not here, not now. But still, the sheer number of them grated on his nerves.

Azkaban was so.. cold. Dreary. Uninviting. Harry would be lying if he said he wasn't terrified. He was only 18, a child in the eyes of most even if he was an adult in both the wizarding and muggle world.

As they marched him through the stone hallways, Harry could feel their eyes on him, their stares like cold iron. Every step felt like a punishment, every turn in the labyrinthine corridors a reminder of the place he never wanted to return to. His mind reeled, consumed with fury and disbelief, still struggling to process the betrayal he had suffered at the hands of those he had once called friends.

When they reached the reception area—or whatever it was they called it—the Auror in charge, a stern-looking man with a sharp nose, snapped Harry's wand in two. The sound of it was like a gunshot in his ears, and Harry flinched violently. His muscles tensed, his fists curling instinctively, and for a split second, it felt like his entire body was about to explode. His wand... his beloved wand was gone.

"Hold him!" one of the Aurors barked.

Harry's flinch clearly didn't go unnoticed. Instantly, the grip on his arms tightened, as if they expected him to lash out, to become some

kind of dangerous animal. The sheer overreaction pissed him off.

"Let go of me!" he snarled, his voice raw with the weight of everything he was feeling.

The Aurors didn't ease up, however, and one of them stepped forward with his wand. The magic that bound Harry's own began to circle around his wrists, making his skin crawl. He bared his teeth at the Auror, his fury bubbling up to the surface. He wasn't going to let them see him broken, not even in this place.

"Do it. I dare you," Harry growled, eyes burning with hatred.

The Auror hesitated for just a moment before muttering the incantation that left Harry's magic shackled. The feeling of it was immediate and suffocating—like a piece of himself had been ripped away. The anger swelled in his chest, but all he could do was glare.

When they moved him further into the prison, Harry could feel the presence of other prisoners, the thick, oppressive sense of darkness hanging in the air. He wasn't alone. No, there were others here, others who had been locked away after Voldemort's fall.

They dragged him all the way to the very top floor—the highest and most isolated part of the fortress. This was the top-most cell, the only one on this floor. Harry's stomach churned at the thought. This was his new reality. Underneath him were the people he had fought, people who had tried to kill him. The bitter irony made him want to spit.

At the entrance to his cell, they forced him into the prison uniform—a set of gray and beige horizontally striped jacket and pants. It was the same uniform Sirius had worn when Harry first met him, the one that had haunted him ever since. Seeing it, wearing it—it felt like a sick

joke, as though they were trying to strip away any remaining shred of humanity he had left. He gritted his teeth as they forced the uniform onto his body, hating every moment of it.

Finally, they opened the iron door to his cell. The cold, damp air hit him instantly, and he stepped inside, the clanging of chains and the soft whispers of other prisoners filling the space around him. He took a deep breath, trying to steady himself.

The Aurors locked the cell behind him. As they turned to leave, Harry's glare never wavered. He glared at them, hard, with all the fury he felt burning inside him. He wasn't broken. Not yet.

When the last Auror had vanished from sight, Harry let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. The silence in the cell was deafening. He was alone now, truly alone—save for the echoing whispers of those who had been locked away just like him.

His chest heaved as the anger slowly simmered beneath the surface. But there was no one left to yell at, no one left to lash out at. Harry was trapped in his own mind now, the silence of Azkaban pressing in on him like the weight of the world.

He slumped down against the cold stone wall, still furious, still full of hatred. For the betrayal. For the lies. For the people who had once been his friends. But as the hours passed, something else began to settle in the pit of his stomach. The cold, the isolation—they were just the beginning.

Harry promised himself he'd outlive them all, purely out of spite.

The sound of the waves crashing harshly against the walls of Azkaban was all he could hear alongside the whistling winds outside his cell window. He was the only one up here, alone, tired and pissed off.

His eyes remained unfocused on the cold grey walls. The new branded tattoo on the side of his neck provided a sharp searing pain.

ᛟᛗ350. His new identity.

The anger and adrenaline that was coursing through his veins began to wane, and all that was left was devastation. He sobbed. Cried for his lost freedom, cried for his lost life, cried for the betrayal.

The days began to slowly pass, and Harry no longer knew what day it was anymore. Every time the dementors passed by his cell he shrunk back in fear, scared that they'd approach him and make him relieve the night of his parents passing. But strangely, they never approached. Occasionally they'd pause outside his cell, looking at him with the slightest of tilts to their heads and then continue on.

Harry was confused, but thankful that they didn't think of him as a threat. He really didn't want to lose his sanity so quickly... though some might argue it was already deteriorating.

The days bled into weeks, then into months, and then into years. He did not know the date, all he knew was the screams from prisoners on levels below him had dwindled over the time that passed.

Azkaban had grown... silent. And Harry did not like that at all. He

hated silence, that's something he'd come to terms with in azkaban. Silence meant something was happening.

July 31 st 2007.

Harry didn't know what day it was, but somehow in the depths of his soul he knew it was his birthday. He always knew, but never knew why.

" I'm 27 today I think, " He spoke softly into the silence of the winds. "Congrats to me, i'm not dead yet."

He shuffled from his ratty mattress in the corner of his cell, pulling himself up to the tiny barred window that looked out into the sea. It was weird, harry had not seen the dementors at all in a while. He guessed it was a few months, but who really knew. Not many aurors had visited him either.

The sky was so cloudy. The clouds dark, almost angry looking. He heard steps echoing on the stairs close to his cell, and he moved quickly to press himself against the bars.

Harry couldn't see anyone, but he could feel them. A newspaper floated through the bars, and he frowned. "Thank you...?" he spoke into the air, receiving no response. He still saw no one, but shrugged and brushed it off as weird magic behaviour.

He looked down at the newspaper. He hadn't touched one of these since before he was imprisoned.

The Daily Prophet
July 31, 2007

The End of an Era: The Final Collapse of the Wizarding World

By: Aurelia Moonstone, Senior Correspondent

This is it. The end. The final edition of the Daily Prophet.

For five long years, the world has watched in horror as our magic, our creatures, and our lives slowly faded away. Once vibrant and thriving, the magical world has been reduced to nothing but hollow remnants of what it once was. And now, there is nothing but a few of us left.

Hogwarts, the great bastion of wizarding education, has crumbled to dust. What was once a majestic castle is now little more than a pile of rubble, its halls empty, its enchanted barriers gone. The forest surrounding it is silent —no creatures, no whispers of magic.

Diagon Alley, the heart of our economy, has vanished entirely. The shops are gone, the cobbled streets are cracked and abandoned. There are no more brooms or wands, no more cauldrons or potions. The shops are empty, the alley devoid of life.

Magical creatures, the wonders that once enchanted us all, have disappeared completely. The unicorns, the phoenixes, the thestrals—every species that once roamed our world has been wiped out. Even the most powerful of beings, like the dragons of Romania, are nowhere to be found.

And the worst of it all? The wixen. The witches and wizards who have made this world our own are dead. The population has dwindled to a fraction of what it once was, and now, only a handful remain. With no Ministry of Magic to guide us, no leaders to call upon, the last remaining wixen stand in a world devoid of hope.

It is a world now blackened and empty. Everywhere that once held magic, now holds only shadows. The very fabric of our existence has unravelled, and there is no one left to stop it.

This is the last message we will send. The last echo of a dying world.

Goodbye, Wixen. May our memory live on in the stars.

- This article will be released when the last of us are dead, in memoriam.

Harry blinked a few times, re-reading the article until it gave him a throbbing headache.

He seemed to have an epiphany. *Magic.. is dying.* He gasped loudly, moving towards his cell bars and door. He thought for a second, and pushed against the door. It just.. opened. Harry blinked, and then frowned, of course. If magic was dying, of course azkaban would have no more to keep him contained. Though a small part of him was sinister with glee, he had outlived them all, hadn't he? The very statement he said would happen out of spite. *If everyone is dead, why on earth am I alive still?*

When the cell door opened, Harry stepped out. And without thinking, turned to the nearest staircase and ran upwards. Not down. He ran to the roof, he stepped out. Letting himself breathe in the fresh sea and cloudy skies.

"Mother Magic, Lady Hecate. I am so.. so sorry." He choked out a sob, his emotions had come crashing into him. He lowered himself into a kneeled bow. "Let me help, my Lady. Let me save you and our world"

The words left his lips like a prayer, his position not allowing him to see his surroundings change. When he finally lifted his head from the floor, his eyes almost bulged out of his head. He was no longer on the roof of Azkaban.. he seemed to be in a field. It was so dark, so grey and lifeless.

Harry struggled to pull himself up to his feet, but he managed. He stood on shaky legs, his eyes zeroing in on the form of a woman collapsed against the tree.

He shook his head, and focused again. She was still there, something

about her so familiar.

"Lady.. Lady Hecate?" He spoke, unsure of himself.

"My child, you are still alive. I knew you would survive until the end." Her voice was airy, full of care yet... entirely too full of pain.

Harry felt another sob make its way up his throat, but he forced it back down as he shakily approached the woman. "My Lady... what has happened?" He asked, his voice was far too rough from lack of usage over the years.

Lady Hecate turned to face him, her eyes full with tears and sadness. "They destroyed me, my child. There was no more balance, they put chains on my gifts. And in return I took them back."

Harry took a deep breath, kneeling in front of the woman. "Then I give you my life, my Lady. I give my life to you, to keep you alive. Let me help, I will do anything I can to save magic. I will help keep the balance."

Lady Hecate's hand reached up to gently cup Harry's cheek, gently guiding him forward. "You were always one of my favourites, my child. You will do great, keep your vows." She spoke quietly, before pressing the gentlest of kisses to Harry's forehead..

During their interactions, Harry failed to recognise the figure standing behind him. Lady Hecate did, however, and gave the smallest of nods to the figure.

Harry saw the nod, and before he could get out his question, a

piercing sensation went through him. His eyes widened, in too much shock to scream. He shakily looked down, seeing the end of a long blade poking through his chest. He gulped, turning his head to the side and slightly up. *Oh.*. Harry smiled slightly, as best he could with the pain he was in.

"Thank you... death... It is good to see you." He managed to choke out, before he no longer saw. The hooded figure of death rested his skeletal hand on Harry's head, before the world folded in on itself.

Harry James Potter ceased to exist. No longer would he have that blasted title of the *boy-who-lived.* A new one would be birthed. The worlds judge, jury and executioner.

The Mother has chosen.

King Exai of the Goblin Nation was a fierce being. He had lived a long life, nearing 500 years at this point, and he took his duties rather seriously. Currently, he sat upon his throne in the heart of Gortag, the sprawling underground capital of the goblins, hidden far beneath the depths of Gringotts. The city, a labyrinth of stone, gold, and enchantments, had stood undisturbed for centuries, thriving under the rule of Exai and his ancestors.

To his left, his wife, Queen Viela, sat upon her own intricately carved throne. Unlike many goblin women, Viela had once been a warrior herself, her wisdom and experience making her an invaluable ruler by Exai's side. The two were deep in conversation, discussing matters of trade, security, and the occasional diplomatic troubles with the wizards above.

Then, without warning, the ground beneath them trembled.

A violent shake, unlike anything Gortag had ever experienced, rippled through the underground city. Goblins stumbled, weapons clattered to the ground, and ancient chandeliers of enchanted gemstones swung precariously from the cavern ceilings. The tremor lasted only a second, disappearing as swiftly as it had come—but its mere presence was a cause for alarm.

No earthquake should have been possible here. The very foundation of Gortag was fortified by centuries of goblin magic, reinforced with spells that made their underground kingdom impenetrable to natural disasters.

Goblins began pouring from their homes and forges, their sharp eyes darting about in confusion and fear. Some clutched weapons, their warrior instincts kicking in, while others murmured anxiously among themselves. The air grew tense.

And then, the silence was broken by the pounding of boots against the stone streets.

Through the gathering crowd, a contingent of goblin knights stormed forward, their armor gleaming in the torchlight. At the head of the group was Bloodfang, King Exai's son. Taller than most goblins, his

presence commanded immediate attention. His eyes burned with urgency as he skidded to a halt before his father, breathless.

“Father! Father! An orb has appeared in the depths! An orb! There's fire everywhere — it's blue!” Bloodfang’s voice rang across the chamber, filled with both excitement and alarm.

Exai’s heart pounded in his chest. It had been centuries since he had felt this rush of adrenaline, this sense of danger. For the first time in nearly 480 years, he felt like the young goblin he once was, training to carve his place in history with steel and magic.

He rose to his full height, his voice sharp as a blade. “Gather the warriors. We move now.”

At once, the goblins sprang into action. Barking orders in Gobbledegook, Exai mobilized his knights, their sharp axes and curved blades gleaming under the city’s enchanted lights. Bloodfang turned on his heel and took off, leading his father and the armed goblins down into the deepest depths of Gortag.

As they descended into the labyrinthine tunnels below the city, the flickering torches on the walls were soon outshone by an eerie, pulsating glow. The deeper they went, the hotter the air became, an unnatural heat prickling at their skin. And then, finally, they saw it.

At the very heart of the deepest cavern, suspended in midair, was a massive orb, crackling with fire—flames of a deep, unnatural blue. The rock beneath it was scorched black, the very air vibrating with an ancient, raw power.

Exai’s breath caught in his throat.

This was no ordinary magic. This was something else entirely.

Something ancient.

Something *dangerous*.

And as the flames licked at the darkness, Exai let out the softest of sighs.

His voice rang through the cavern, filled with an authority that had commanded the goblin nation for centuries.

“Lady Hecate, Mother of All and Magic, has blessed us with Her Chosen Child.”

A collective gasp rippled through the gathered goblin warriors and knights. Their sharp eyes widened in awe, their hands tightening around their weapons—not in hostility, but in reverence. Whispers broke out among them, spoken in hurried Gobbledegook.

Mother’s Chosen Child had arrived.

A new time was upon them.

The goblins had always been steadfast in their loyalty to Mother Magic. They did not serve wizards, nor did they bow to them—but when Lady Hecate bestowed Her will upon the world, they obeyed. There had not been a **Chosen Child** since Merlin himself, but now… now they stood at the edge of history, bearing witness to an event that had not happened in over a thousand years.

Exai did not blink as the golden orb at the center of the cavern began to shift. Its glowing, molten light twisted and stretched, molding itself into a vaguely human shape. The blue flames that had once engulfed the area flickered, dimming until they disappeared entirely.

The glow began to lower toward the ground, slow and deliberate, like the descent of a falling star.

And when the golden light finally vanished—there, on the scorched stone floor, lay a boy.

He was young, perhaps no older than fifteen, his form still and fragile against the cavern’s harsh surroundings. His chest rose and fell in shallow breaths, his face eerily serene as if locked in peaceful slumber.

Exai’s sharp gaze swept over the boy, his mind immediately

categorizing every detail.

The goblins had seen countless wixen before, but this was undeniable. This was *a true wizard.*

Murmurs spread through the gathered warriors. Confusion, reverence, and anticipation all swirled together like a storm.

And then Exai noticed something that made his blood run cold.

The boy's clothes.

Azkaban robes.

For a moment, Exai's ancient mind scrambled, drawing upon centuries of accumulated knowledge. He had spent his long reign deciphering the patterns of magic, history, and fate itself. He had seen prisoners dragged into the depths of the wizarding prison, never to return.

And then—understanding struck him like a hammer to stone.

The boy must have been in Azkaban at the time of his death.

A **Chosen Child** of Mother Magic… subjected to such ***treachery?*** To such ***filth?***

His sharp claws curled into fists, his ancient rage simmering beneath his composed exterior.

That will not do.

His voice cut through the heavy silence as he turned on his heel, barking orders in rapid Gobbledegook. His warriors jumped into action at once.

“Summon the royal healers immediately!” Exai commanded, his voice a low growl. “Prepare the sanctum—this boy is to be tended to with the highest reverence.”

The goblins moved swiftly, their discipline unwavering. They had no need to question their king’s orders. If Lady Hecate had chosen this boy, then **he was sacred.**

Exai turned back, his gaze locking onto the unconscious boy.

He had yet to wake, his breathing steady but labored. His body bore signs of mistreatment—old wounds, lingering traces of dark magic clinging to his skin like a curse. And yet, despite everything, he slept peacefully.

Exai exhaled slowly, his mind racing.

This was a new era.

And the goblins would be the first to witness its rise.

The warriors returned mere minutes later, moving with haste but not carelessness. At the front of the group were the royal healers, their ceremonial robes of deep crimson and gold denoting their status as the most skilled in the goblin nation. Their sharp eyes scanned the boy as they approached, their expressions unreadable, but Exai could see the flickers of realization in their gazes.

They knew.

They knew what this meant.

Wordlessly, they set to work. The lead healer—a wizened goblin named Urgash—lifted his hands, fingers crackling with raw magic. The air hummed as the boy’s body was carefully levitated from the stone ground, golden threads of magic weaving around him to form a protective cocoon of energy. None of the healers dared to touch him directly. It was not out of fear, but reverence.

Exai watched, pleased by their respect. Even among goblins, healers understood the weight of sacred magic.

His gaze flickered to the cavern walls, to the gathered warriors who had fought beside him for centuries. Many of them still looked stunned, standing rigidly as if awaiting further command. He turned to them, his voice firm.

“You will speak of this to no one until the boy is stable.”

There was no need to explain why. The warriors understood. This was bigger than any of them. Their loyalty to Mother Magic was absolute, and so they nodded without hesitation, slamming a fist to their chests in silent salute before turning on their heels and vanishing into the tunnels.

Only Exai remained.

He turned, falling into step behind the healers as they carried the boy’s floating form deeper into the goblin nation. They moved quickly through the darkened corridors, their path illuminated by enchanted torches that flickered in response to their passing. The air grew thick with energy the closer they came to their destination.

The ritual chambers.

Exai exhaled slowly, his mind sharpening with renewed focus.

This boy—Mother’s Child—would not suffer further harm. Not while Exai himself still drew breath.

When Harry came to, the first thing he registered was light—blinding, searing, and utterly overwhelming. His eyes snapped open instinctively, only to squeeze shut just as fast as a sharp sting burned his retinas.

"What..." he grunted, his voice hoarse and unfamiliar.

A delayed thought sluggishly crawled into his mind, and realization struck him like a physical blow.

‘Oh, Circe above, I sound like a child.’

His breath hitched. Panic crept in, coiling around his ribs like a vice. Something was wrong. His voice—his body—it felt... off. He attempted to move, only to immediately regret it as a wave of exhaustion crashed over him, dragging him back into the softness beneath him.

Softness.

That alone was wrong.

Azkaban had never offered him comfort.

His mind was sluggish, memories hazy, but he remembered pain. The damp chill of his cell, the way the Dementors sucked the warmth from his bones, the ever-present weight of despair pressing down on him like a coffin lid.

But now?

Now he felt warm. Wrapped in something thick and soft, his body cushioned as if he were resting in a proper bed. It was the stark contrast to what he had known for so long that unsettled him the most.

Slowly, cautiously, he forced his eyes open again, squinting past the light to take in his surroundings.

And what he saw made his breath catch in his throat.

The room around him was stone, dark and intricately carved with symbols he didn’t recognize. Magic. He could feel it, humming through the very air, far more potent than anything he had sensed in Azkaban. There were goblins—three, maybe four—clad in regal, ceremonial robes. Their sharp eyes were trained on him, assessing, calculating, but not hostile.

Goblins.

A memory surfaced—Gringotts, the dragon, the vaults—but this wasn't the wizarding bank. It was something older. Deeper.

His mind reeled. How had he gotten here?

And more importantly… Why did they look at him like he was something sacred?

Exai stepped forward with measured grace, his ancient, battle-worn form exuding power and authority. Harry instinctively braced himself, expecting sharp words, perhaps even hostility—he was used to that from goblins, from most people, really.

But then… Exai bowed.

Harry's breath hitched.

A goblin. Bowing. To him.

His mind stalled, his thoughts scrambling over themselves, trying and failing to make sense of what he was seeing. His mouth opened, but only a few strangled noises came out before he ultimately gave up, lips pressing together in sheer bewilderment.

Exai straightened, his gaze unwavering, unreadable. And then he spoke.

"Blessed day, Mother's Chosen. We are glad you have arrived."

The words rang through the chamber like a declaration, reverberating in Harry's skull, shaking loose the fog clouding his thoughts.

Mother's Chosen.

The title felt heavy, weighted with something ancient. Something sacred.

A shudder passed through him, though whether it was from exhaustion or understanding, he wasn't sure.

His fingers curled weakly into the blanket covering him as he swallowed against the dryness of his throat. He should have asked a question—should have demanded to know why they were calling him that, why he was here, why he was still breathing.

But instead, the words that left him were quiet, uncertain, and half-choked between the rough coughs tearing at his throat:

"Lady Hecate… accepted my sacrifice…"

And in that moment, as the truth settled into his bones, Harry realized:

He wasn't supposed to be here.

He had died. And yet… he was breathing. Harry knew for a fact he had seen death, he had thanked the entity. He saw the blade in his chest and he felt his soul be taken. But he was alive.

Exai studied the boy carefully, his sharp gaze piercing through the veil of exhaustion that clung to him. This was Mother's Chosen, and yet, the weight in the boy's voice, the weariness in his eyes—he was not a child untouched by the world. He had lived. He had suffered.

And now he had returned.

"You say you sacrificed yourself for Mother Magic," Exai said, his voice measured, though there was an unmistakable edge of reverence. "Explain."

Harry opened his mouth to respond, but before he could get a single word out, a harsh, wracking cough tore through his chest. His body trembled with the force of it, and Exai watched as one of the royal healers immediately stepped forward, pressing a goblet of water into the boy's trembling hands.

Harry blinked, surprised at the quick response, before offering the healer a sheepish smile. “Thank you...” he muttered hoarsely, his voice still rough from years of disuse. He wasted no time in drinking the water, the cool liquid soothing his raw throat.

When he finally set the goblet down, his fingers tightening briefly around the blanket covering him, he took a slow breath and spoke.

“I… I was imprisoned falsely in Azkaban,” he began, his voice quiet but steady. “In 1998, on my 18th birthday.”

The words seemed to hang in the air. Exai felt a ripple of unease move through the healers behind him. A young wizard, barely an adult, thrown into the depths of that wretched place? The injustice of it burned like hot iron.

Harry continued. “I was there until 2007. And on my 27th birthday, I… I found out that magic was dying.”

Silence fell.

Exai’s grip on his ceremonial staff tightened. Magic. Dying.

The very thought of it was unthinkable. Impossible. And yet, Harry’s voice carried the unmistakable weight of truth.

“I was… the only one left,” Harry admitted, his voice growing quieter. “There was no more magic. No more wixen. No more creatures. Nothing.”

A chill settled over the room.

A world without magic?

It was an abomination. A nightmare.

Exai could feel the tension in his warriors, in the healers—they understood the horror of what he spoke.

Harry let out a shaky breath, his fingers gripping the fabric of his blanket as though grounding himself. “And I… I may have been a bit

rash," he added, forcing a weak chuckle, though there was no real humour in it. "But I managed to get to the top of Azkaban, and I prayed to the Mother above. I asked her to let me help."

His voice wavered, raw emotion bleeding into his words.

"And when I looked up… she was there."

The air in the room shifted, charged with something indescribable.

"In a field," Harry murmured, eyes distant as though recalling something far beyond their reach. "The field was so grey. So dead. And I… I vowed."

He closed his eyes for a moment, steadying himself before speaking the words that had sealed his fate.

"Then I give you my life, my Lady. I give my life to you, to keep you alive. Let me help. I will do anything I can to save magic. I will help keep the balance."

His voice echoed softly through the chamber.

The goblins knew, of course. They felt the despair and sadness of the young ones magic. But they knew of his significance.

This was a being who had died for magic. Who had been chosen. And now, against all odds, he had returned. This wizard, this child, was the balancer.

Not until we are lost do we begin to understand ourselves.

Chapter Notes

> I spent ages writing this chapter and then my tab closed itself and I lost everything □□□□□•ᴥ•?□□□□□ im gonna lose my marbles, but here you are... the second version of this.
>
> Anyways OP!Harry with too many titles is now officially here. Poor guy, got so many obligations.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Exai softly exhaled, his sharp gaze never leaving the boy before him. “That makes sense, child. You honoured Her existence; it is fitting that She would put Her strongest to the test.” The goblin king’s voice was calm, but there was an undeniable weight behind his words that Harry didn't really understand.

Exai continued, tilting his head slightly. “Though… you did say you were from 2007.” His crimson eyes flickered with thought. “It is currently June of 1941.”

Harry’s breath caught in his throat.

1941.

That number echoed in his mind. But Exai wasn’t finished. “Since you said you were only 27 at the time of your death, it is safe to assume you did not exist yet.” He leaned forward slightly, his tone gentle but firm. “What is your name, child of Mother?”

Harry hesitated. He could feel the weight of the goblins’ gazes on him —watchful, reverent, expectant. Something about it unnerved him. He had never been looked at like this before. Not as a boy, not as a man, and certainly not as a prisoner rotting in Azkaban.

His parents weren’t even born yet. The war he had fought and suffered through was decades away from even beginning. Everything he had known—the pain, the loss, the destruction—none of it had happened yet. And maybe… just maybe… It didn’t have to.

Swallowing down the turmoil in his chest, Harry forced himself to meet Exai's gaze and quietly answered, "Harry James Potter."

Exai hummed in thought, his sharp gaze studying the boy. He had a name that did not belong to this time, of course the Potters were alive, but they definitely did not have a child called Harry.

Harry's fingers nervously toyed with the edge of the blanket draped over him, his shoulders tense as if waiting for something—judgment, perhaps.

And then, a voice. Soft. Melodic. Ancient. It curled through his mind like the warmth of the sun breaking through storm clouds, familiar yet so vast it made his very soul tremble.

'My child, ask for a cleansing. You were covered in horrific magic that altered you.'

Harry stiffened, barely holding back a sharp inhale. His magic — what little he could still feel — thrummed in agreement, as if recognizing something it had been blind to before. Something was wrong with him. There were things in his head — knowledge that wasn't entirely his, instincts that felt too precise, too unnatural. Things deep down he knew but he couldn't remember how he knew them.

His throat felt dry, but he forced himself to speak.

"May I... may I ask for a cleansing?" His voice wavered slightly, uncertain. "I'm not entirely sure what it is, but... I have a lot of information in my head that I didn't have before I — before I died." He hesitated, then pressed on. "And there's a voice telling me that there were compulsions on me in my past life." His grip on the blanket tightened. "It... the voice sounds like the Mother, so I'm inclined to believe it."

The chamber fell into a hushed silence. Exai's expression darkened, his fingers twitching slightly at the revelation. The healers behind him shared uneasy glances, their postures shifting with tension. Compulsions. A violation of one's will. A forced hand upon one's fate.

And if Mother Magic Herself was speaking to the boy — warning him — then this was no minor interference. It must be significant.

Exai's crimson eyes burned with barely contained fury as he observed the boy before him. His gaze pierced through flesh and bone, delving deeper—into the very core of Harry's being. What he saw made his hands curl into fists. A tangled web of foul bindings, compulsions, and restrictions wrapped around the boy's magic like shackles forged in the darkest of places.

Exai spoke quietly, but his voice was laced with unmistakable anger. "Bindings too. There are bindings on your magic, young one."

Harry stiffened. His breath caught in his throat. Bindings. There had always been something off about his magic, hadn't there? The way it faltered at times when he needed it most. The way it had felt caged, like an animal forced into submission, straining against unseen chains. The way he had always struggled to control it when he was younger, like he was fighting against something he could not see. The way it sometimes became too uncomfortable when casting spells.

His very magic had been shackled.

Harry swallowed hard, his fingers clutching the blanket so tightly his knuckles turned white. "Can… can they be removed?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Exai exhaled slowly, his fury controlled but undeniable. He nodded once.

"They will be removed. I will make sure of it"

And Harry believed him, oddly enough. He believed that Exai would make sure of it.

"Thank you, Your Majesty…" Harry said, his voice laced with slight hesitation. His eyes flickered with uncertainty, as if afraid that addressing Exai incorrectly might somehow anger him. But instead of displeasure, Exai merely offered him something unexpected—a smile. It was small, almost imperceptible, but it was the softest expression Harry had ever seen on a goblin.

"You need not bother with the formalities, young one," Exai said, his

tone amused yet kind. "Your stance is above mine, but it is appreciated regardless."

Harry blinked, momentarily stunned. Above? That didn't make sense. Goblins, especially those of such high status, hated bowing to wizards. It was ingrained in wizarding society that goblins did not see themselves as lesser, nor did they tolerate being treated as such. Yet Exai had already bowed to him once, and now he was saying… Harry outranked him?

His thoughts were cut short as the goblin healers began flitting around the ritual chamber, their movements brisk and purposeful. Ancient goblin runes etched into the walls pulsed softly, reacting to the preparation of the ritual.

An elderly goblin—her silvered hair pulled back into a neat bun, deep wrinkles marking her face like a story carved into time—stepped closer. Her presence was firm yet warm, like a mother tending to an injured child.

She regarded Harry with a kind yet assessing gaze before speaking in a voice so gentle it almost made his chest ache. "My name is Madam Griella, i'm the head Royal Goblin Healer. Young dear, please lay back," she instructed. "I wish to place you into a sleep in order to prevent anything from harming you. Do not worry, nothing will hurt, but it is not comfortable, and you must be entirely still." Her voice was softer than anything he had heard in a long time. So kind.

Harry almost felt emotional at the care in her words. No one had spoken to him like that in years. His throat tightened, but he swallowed past it and nodded.

"Alright," he whispered.

Harry laid back against the bed, willing himself to shut his eyes.

He trusted this healer — Madam Griella. There was something about her… the way she carried herself, the warmth in her voice. The air around her was calming, motherly. Harry had learned long ago to trust his intuition, and right now, it whispered safety.

Griella began murmuring softly in Gobbledegook, her voice weaving

through the air like a lullaby. The foreign words held a rhythmic cadence, ancient and powerful. A wave of drowsiness washed over him, heavy and inescapable. His body felt as though it was being gently pulled down, sinking into warmth and rest. So, he slept. The moment his breathing evened out, the healers moved swiftly.

Griella and the others circled Harry's resting form, their movements practiced and sure. They did not delay. With a flick of her long fingers, Griella summoned rows of potions—each carefully chosen—and with a whispered incantation, she and the healers began spelling them directly into the boy's stomach.

The potions glowed briefly as they seeped into him, sinking beneath his skin to mend what had long been broken.

Bones — knitted.
Scars — faded.
Life-long Malnutrition — reversed.

The sheer amount of internal damage they found was staggering. This boy — this blessing of a child from Mother Magic Herself — had suffered. Deeply. Once the physical wounds had been tended to, they began the true work. They formed a circle, clasping hands, and began chanting in Gobbledegook. The language of their people, old and strong, rang through the ritual chamber in an almost singsong melody. The air thrummed with power, the magic so thick it was nearly visible.

Layer by layer, they began removing the binds wrapped around his very core. They peeled away the compulsions that had been laced through his mind, the forced thoughts and subtle redirections meant to control him.

And then — They found it.

A foul, rotting enchantment. Almost black magic. It clung to his mind like a parasite, and when Griella examined it closer, her eyes narrowed with pure fury. Memories. Stolen. Entire sections of his life had been blocked, locked away behind a spell so insidious that it made her stomach churn. Whoever had done this had not merely wanted to control the boy. They had wanted him blind.

Griella's lips pressed into a thin line, her fingers tightening in the air as she wove the counter - ritual with even greater determination. She internally promised herself she'd reign fire on whoever did this to such a child, and she knew they were placed in this young ones previous

life, when he was a child, from how attached they were to him.

Mother Magic had chosen this boy. And no one — no wizard, no being — would take from him what was rightfully his, she'd make sure of it.

The binds shattered. The compulsions burned away. The memories were finally returned.

Harry's eyes were bleary as he looked around, though he was confused... he was just put to sleep surely he wasn't awake yet! But he found himself standing in his mindscape. A place he had only been to once before. Back then — when he had first been thrown into Azkaban —h is mind had been a desolate, broken thing. The landscape had reflected it. Cold. Empty. Cracked and dying. A ruin of what once was.

But now… Now, it was alive. A sprawling summer-spring field stretched endlessly before him, lush, gorgeous, and full. Wildflowers danced in the breeze, the sky was a soft, endless blue, and the golden warmth of the sun kissed the land with life. Filled with hope.

Harry stepped forward, the grass soft beneath his feet. There was something familiar about this place—an aching déjà vu that tugged at his very soul. And then, as if guided by instinct, he turned. His breath hitched. Because there, in the exact same place she had been before, stood Lady Hecate. But this time she was not the grief-stricken, faded goddess he had met before.

She was lively. Radiant. The aura of power around her hummed like the heartbeat of magic itself, but more than that — She was happy. When she looked at him, there was no sorrow in her eyes. Only love. Her smile was soft, warm.

"My child…" Her voice was gentle, filled with something Harry had been starved of for so long. And Harry—he could not hold back the emotion that surged in his chest. His throat tightened, and his vision blurred as a choked sob tried to force its way past his lips.

"My Lady," he whispered, voice trembling, "thank you. Thank you for

giving me the chance."

The chance to fix things.
The chance to save what was lost.
The chance to live.

He bowed his head, his fists clenching at his sides. "I will do everything in my power to honor the vow I gave you," Harry shakily said, his voice barely above a whisper. His heart pounded in his chest, the weight of his promise settling deep within his soul. Lady Hecate simply smiled. Warm. Knowing. Proud.

She stepped forward, closing the distance between them with an ethereal grace. Before Harry could react, she wrapped him in a tight embrace. And for the first time in years… Harry felt safe. A broken, unsteady breath escaped him, and he squeezed his eyes shut, willing himself to commit this moment to memory—to burn it into the very fabric of his being. This warmth. This acceptance. This love.

Her arms around him were unwavering, steady, like the magic that coursed through the very veins of existence itself. She held him like a mother would a child. "You will do just fine," she murmured against his hair, her voice soft yet rich with undeniable power. She pulled back just enough to look into his eyes, her hands resting on his shoulders. "You are no longer shackled by the chains that held you before. Your magic is free."

Harry inhaled sharply. Free. The word was foreign to him. For so long, he had been bound. By expectations. By duty. By manipulations he had never even been aware of. By the abuse of his childhood.

But the way she spoke to him.. he believed her wholeheartedly.

Hecate gently cupped his cheek, her touch cool yet comforting. "I and the gods know of your path, my child and they are watching eagerly. You will be perfect." Harry swallowed hard, his fingers trembling at his sides. People still believed in him. Still trusted in him. Lady Magic and the gods trust him.

His throat tightened, emotion clawing at his chest. "I won't fail you," he whispered. Hecate’s smile only grew, full of certainty and love. "You never could, my child."

And wasn't that odd? Someone fully believing in Harry's decisions and

choices, no smarminess in their tone, just pure belief.

"When you wake, you will find yourself different," Lady Hecate murmured, her voice filled with something both warm and sorrowful. Harry listened intently, memorizing her every word. "You have a few months until you will be able to start. You must learn many things, but you will find that it comes naturally to you." Her eyes softened. "You're aware of why you're here... aren't you?" A sad smile graced her lips, one that spoke of understanding, of inevitability.

Harry inhaled deeply before nodding, his expression grim yet certain. "It started with Tom Riddle, didn't it, my Lady?" Hecate's expression did not shift. She merely waited. Harry continued, his brows furrowing in thought. "I always knew there was something... off. Why would Dumbledore burn a poor orphan’s wardrobe? Why destroy something to prove Magic is real to Tom, when they were likely the only things he owned?"

His frown deepened. It had never made sense. Not to teen Harry who first saw the memory in Dumbledore's office, nor to the man he had become whenever he thought back on it.

Lady Hecate let out a soft sigh. "Indeed," she confirmed. "The path he walked was not forged by his own hand." Her words carried a weight to them, a truth that had long been obscured. Harry clenched his fists, but before he could respond, Lady Hecate reached out, cupping his face with immeasurable tenderness.

"But you must wake now, my love," she whispered. Harry’s breath hitched. "I will be here. You can always speak to me."

She smiled once more. "There are others who will speak to you, too. Do not fret."

Then, ever so gently, she placed a kiss upon his forehead.

And just like that—

The world around him faded.

Harry's eyes snapped open.

The ceiling above him was unfamiliar, smoothly carved stone, softly illuminated by enchanted lights. A breath of air filled his lungs, and he froze. He felt... different. Lighter. Freer. Gone was the bone-deep ache that had plagued him for twenty-seven years. Gone was the suffocating weight of exhaustion, the ever-present drag of something pulling him down.

He felt whole. Healthy. Stronger than he had ever been.

For the first time in his existence - he truly felt alive.

"You are awake, young lord."

Harry turned his head toward the voice, blinking at the sight of one of the goblin healers standing beside his bed. The healer, an older goblin with sharp eyes and a calm demeanor, nodded in approval. "You were quite tricky," he admitted, "but we got rid of everything."

Harry swallowed, his mind flashing back to the binds, the compulsions, the chains that had kept him from being himself.

"Once you're ready, we'd like to take you up to Gringotts," the healer continued. "We believe an inheritance test might do you well."

Harry furrowed his brows. An inheritance test? Whatever for?

The goblin gave him a knowing look before adding, "You may wish to see yourself first. Your magic responded whilst you were asleep and… changed your appearance."

Harry froze.

Ah, so that was what Mother Hecate meant when she said he would be different. *Of course, you idiot!!* He thought to himself. *The Potters are well and truly alive, I can't go walking around looking like the exact stereotype for a Potter!*

The goblin, who properly introduced himself as Groln, moved a mirror carefully and placed it at the edge of Harry's bed. It was an ornate thing, framed in what appeared to be silvered obsidian, gleaming softly in the low light. Harry blinked, a frown tugging at his brow. He didn't know what to expect.Still, his curiosity won over his hesitation,

and he glanced into the mirror.

At first, he didn't quite believe it.

Gone was the ratty, messy nest of dark hair he once had. The wild, unkempt strands he had always tugged impatiently into something more presentable were nowhere to be seen. Instead, his hair lay beautifully in delicate black curls, cascading down his back like some ethereal dark waterfall. He gasped loudly, his hand flying up to touch his hair, as if to confirm it was real. It was soft—luxurious, even—and it made his usual messy mop of hair seem like a distant memory.

His face. Oh, his face. He looked at himself, taking in every detail. The odd harshness of before had given way to defined aristocratic features. His cheekbones were more pronounced, his jaw far more heart-shaped. He had an edge of delicacy, yet clearly of high-status.

And his scar, that stupid stupid scar that was the bane of his existence was finally.. finally gone.

But what truly shocked him was his eyes. His left eye, still holding that same vibrant killing-curse green he had gotten from his mother (though arguably his eyes were always oddly brighter than his mothers), gleamed as it always had. But his right eye… was different. No, his right eye was a startling, grey-silver. The contrast between the two was stark, even breath-taking. There was something almost mystical about it—something that screamed otherworldly, ethereal.

Harry couldn't tear his gaze away. The sharp angles of his face, the mesmerizing eyes, the soft elegance of his hair—it all combined into a figure that looked like something out of a fairy tale. A dark fairy tale.

He chuckled to himself, the realization dawning. He looked like one of those dark fae he had read about in Defense Against the Dark Arts. Those fae who were beautiful and dangerous, alluring yet deadly. And the thought didn't terrify him. In fact, he felt a strange, empowering sense of pride. He loved it. He loved that he was no longer just James Potter's doppelganger. He was *himself*.

Not the boy-who-lived because of his parents deaths, not the son of

the man he'd never met who he was expected to follow in the footsteps of. No, he was something new. Something… different. He was finally his own person. That wasn't to say he didn't love his parents, he did, but he didn't know them. And he hated being reminded of his Father everytime he looked in the mirror, it just caused more pain.

'Thank you, Lady Hecate' Harry thought softly, unable to suppress a contented smile. A soft, twinkling laughter echoed in his mind, a sound that made him feel comforted, yet invigorated. She had heard him, thankfully.

He was eventually pulled away from checking his new look, *no he was not admiring himself thankyouverymuch*, by Groln. The Goblin held out a stack of clothing as he spoke, "We have gathered you a suit to wear, as you will most definitely not be leaving in those azkaban robes. This will be good enough for you to be able to immediately go clothes shopping once you have left Gringotts." Groln placed the clothes down on the edge of the bed, and swiftly exited and drew the curtains around the bed.

Harry huffed, shakily pulling himself up. He pulled off the Azkaban clothing, glaring at them as if they'd personally ruined his life. He pouted but began to slowly pull on the clothes he had been given. It was a rather nice black 3-piece suit, with a crisp white shirt, and *thankfully,* some black dress shoes. There was no tie, but Harry hardly cared, he didn't really need one.

The one thing he was glad about, was that he looked rather dashing in suits. And considering it's the 40s? He'd have to get used to them a lot quicker than anticipated. He finally drew back the curtains once he was dressed, and peaked his head out.

Groln was still there, and stated "King Exai will be taking you up to Gringotts." As soon as the words left his mouth, the doors to the room opened, and King Exai entered. Harry gave him a slight smile, and Exai just looked relieved that the chosen child of the Mother looked healthy and safe. "Young Lord, follow me. We will take the cart up. It will not be fun having to walk through the entire kingdom, this will be better" He stated, and Harry just nodded. *Thank the stars for considerate goblins,* He thought.

Exai led Harry through a winding stone corridor, the air cool and damp, the walls glowing faintly with enchanted moss. The deep thrum of the earth resonated beneath their feet as they descended further into the heart of the goblin kingdom. Despite being so far beneath the surface, Harry couldn't help but notice how warm and cozy the surroundings felt. The stone walls, adorned with intricate carvings of ancient goblin runes, gave the place a sense of history and depth. There was an air of quiet majesty here, and it made Harry feel oddly at ease.

As they turned a corner, they reached a vast cavern, its ceiling so high that Harry had to crane his neck to take it all in. In the center of the cavern stood an ornate stone platform, surrounded by several goblin knights. The knights, tall and regal in their polished armor, stood at attention as King Exai approached.

"Young Lord," Exai called out, his voice echoing slightly in the cavern. "This is the royal cart, much unlike the ones you are used to in Gringotts, i'm sure." Harry was taken aback. The royal cart? Why was he granted this luxury? The goblins seemed to think of him as something more than just a guest, and he still couldn't fully grasp why they were treating him with such reverence. It was enough to make him squirm, but he gave a polite nod to the knights who were now bowing deeply to him and the Goblin King, their movements precise and almost synchronized.

Exai didn't seem to notice Harry's hesitation, leading him to the cart without a second thought. The cart itself was magnificent, a smooth stone structure with carvings that glinted faintly in the dim light. It looked more like a regal chariot than something meant for transport, with plush velvet seats and intricate designs that Harry couldn't fully comprehend. The interior was spacious, comfortably so, and Harry couldn't help but admire the craftsmanship. Once inside, Exai took the seat beside him, settling in comfortably. The goblin who had been standing nearby quickly took his position at the front of the cart, preparing to drive it.

Without another word, the cart shot forward with startling speed. Harry had barely registered the movement before they were speeding through the underground tunnels. If he hadn't already been accustomed to the breakneck speeds of magical transportation from

his past life, he likely would've had a heart attack. The walls blurred past them, the rumbling of the cart vibrating through his bones as they began ascending through the goblins kingdom.

"We are deep within Gortag," Exai said, his voice barely audible over the sound of the cart's rapid movement. "No Wixen has been down here in centuries. It's a privilege not many are granted." Harry's mind was still reeling from the speed, but he managed to focus on Exai's words. He couldn't help but wonder why on earth he'd actually awoken down here, perhaps it was because Lady Magic knew that the goblins would help? Yes, most likely that.

"You're not like the others, young Lord," Exai continued, his gaze flicking toward Harry. "You carry the mark of the Mother.. It has.. not been seen in a few thousand years" He paused, as if weighing his words carefully. "It's why we are so eager to see you safe. You are her chosen."

Harry's brow furrowed, but before he could ask what Exai meant, the cart veered sharply to the left, taking them into another long, twisting tunnel. It felt as if they were descending even further, into the very core of the earth. "This journey will take a while," Exai added, his tone almost soothing. "But we are safe. You can relax."

The cart's pace never slowed, and the deeper they went, the more Harry felt like they were entering a world of untold power and ancient secrets. The goblins were hiding something—he could feel it in the air.

The cart finally came to a stop after a long while, the sound of the wheels grinding against the stone floor echoing through the underground silence. As the momentum ceased, Exai and Harry climbed out of the cart, the goblin driver giving a deep, respectful bow before retreating into the shadows of the cavern.

Exai, with a quiet nod, led the way down another winding passage, the walls of Gringotts seemingly stretching on forever. Harry followed close behind, feeling the weight of the situation on his shoulders. Despite the warm, cozy atmosphere of the kingdom, there was an undercurrent of formality and reverence that he couldn't shake. After what seemed like an eternity of turns and corridors, they arrived at a massive door. A plaque set into the stone above it read : **Silverfang, Head Accountant of Gringotts**.

Exai stepped forward and, with a swift motion, opened the door. The room beyond was grand, its shelves lined with ancient scrolls and heavy, gilded books. A massive desk sat in the center, cluttered with parchment and various magical tools. And behind the desk, an older goblin with a silver mane and sharp, calculating eyes looked up. Silverfang's gaze locked onto Exai, then flickered toward Harry. His sharp features softened just slightly, but only enough to show that he had acknowledged the significance of the situation. If he was surprised, he didn't show it. His posture remained regal, even calm, as if he had been expecting this moment for a long time.

Exai's voice broke the silence, firm and authoritative. "The Mother's chosen has finally arrived," he announced. "He is in need of an inheritance test."

Silverfang's expression didn't falter, but there was a slight glint of recognition in his eyes—he understood the gravity of what Exai had said. The Mother, the ancient, mysterious force that the goblins revered… Silverfang stood and gestured for Harry to take the seat opposite him. "Please, take a seat, young one," he said, his voice smooth but edged with respect. Harry obliged, his nerves tingling as he sat down.

Exai nodded at Silverfang, his role in this moment clear. As the King of Goblins, Exai was accustomed to such proceedings, but the look in his eyes showed a deep respect for the process that Harry couldn't quite place. Silverfang, in turn, settled into his own chair and began sorting through his papers with practiced efficiency.

"I've waited many centuries to meet the chosen one of Lady Magic," Silverfang said, his voice cool but laced with a strange excitement. "It is a great honor, young Lord." Harry offered a small, shy smile in response. Silverfang then produced a ceremonial goblin blade, its edge gleaming in the soft light. It was small but wickedly sharp, designed for precise tasks. He also pulled out a piece of parchment, its surface shimmering with faint magical runes.

"I will slice your palm and allow seven drops of blood to fall onto this parchment," Silverfang explained, his tone clinical yet respectful. "This is how the inheritance test is conducted. Is that acceptable?" Harry hesitated for only a moment, the gravity of the situation settling over him. He had no reason to refuse. Everything about this moment was steeped in magic and ancient tradition, and the way Exai had spoken

about it made it clear that this was necessary.

"Yes," Harry finally said, holding out his hand. The soft tension in his fingers was the only sign of his unease. Silverfang gave a nod of approval, his movements smooth as he prepared the blade. Harry's heart beat faster as he waited for the test to begin.

Silverfang's sharp goblin blade hovered for a moment above Harry's palm before it descended with practiced precision. The blade cut only a shallow line, just deep enough for the blood to begin pooling. Harry winced slightly, but it was nothing unbearable. As the first drop of blood fell onto the parchment, a soft glow emanated from the runes on its surface, lighting up the dim room.

One by one, the drops fell—each one perfectly in place—until there were exactly seven. He quickly pulled his hand away, muttering a quiet "Episkey" under his breath to heal the cut. Harry watched, entranced, as the blood seemed to shimmer and pulse with a faint, almost imperceptible hum. The magic woven into the parchment stirred, responding to the blood like a living thing.

Silverfang, his eyes focused and intent, nodded slowly, clearly satisfied with the result. Harry, on the other hand, felt a strange mix of awe and nervousness. The blood had vanished into the parchment, its magic merging with the intricate runes etched across the paper. A soft, swirling glow now surrounded the parchment as the test began to take form. It was as if the very essence of magic was coming alive before him. Harry couldn't help but feel like time had slowed as he watched the process unfold. The parchment glowed brighter, the magic intensifying as it formed a pattern of intricate, interlocking symbols. He didn't fully understand what was happening, but it felt monumental—like a binding of his fate. He felt it deep in his chest, that strange connection to something far older and more powerful than he could comprehend.

As the glow finally faded, the parchment seemed to settle, the words now etched into its surface with a steady, crystalline clarity. The magic had completed its transformation. Harry reached out with a tentative hand, his heart pounding as he picked up the results. The moment his fingers touched the parchment, a surge of warmth washed over him, as though the magic was acknowledging his touch,

accepting him. Silverfang's eyes were intent on him, his expression unreadable but filled with a deep respect.

Harry glanced down at the parchment in his hand, unsure of what he would find, but feeling that the answers it held could change everything. The results were here—now all he had to do was read them.

Inheritance Test on 20th June 1941

Previous Life Important information :

Name : Harry James Potter

Birth-date: 31st July 1980

Father - James Fleamont Potter

Mother - Lily Potter née Evans

Current Life Information bestowed by Lady Magic, Lord Death and Lady Fate :

Public Name : Hadrian Silus Peverell-Selwyn

Birth-date : 31st October 1926 (14)

Father : Silus James Peverell (Deceased, 3rd June 1941)

Mother : Heather Lily Selwyn (Deceased, 3rd June 1941)

Birth-date : 31st October 1926

Core : Dark

Blood-Status : Pureblood

Heirships to be claimed:

Ancient and Noble House of Peverell (Chosen by Magic)

Ancient and Noble House of Ravenclaw (Chosen by Magic)

Ancient and Noble House of Selwyn (Chosen by Magic)

Most Honoured and Royal House of Pendragon (Chosen by Magic)

Most Honoured and Ancient House of Emyrs (Chosen by Magic)

Blocks, Compulsions, Potions and Spells from previous life. All now broken due to Goblin Cleansing Ritual.

75% Magical Core Blocked - A.P.W.B.D, November 1st 1981

100% Natural Metamorphmagus ability Blocked - A.P.W.B.D, November 1st 1981

100% Parseltongue Blocked - A.P.W.B.D, November 1981

100% Parselmagic Blocked - A.P.W.B.D, November 1981

100% Natural Occulmancy Blocked - A.P.W.B.D, November 1981

75% Block on Intelligence - A.P.W.B.D, September 1991

100% Natural Anamagi ability Blocked - A.P.W.B.D, 1981

100% Wandless Magic Blocked (Broken 56%) - A.P.W.B.D, November 1981

100% Wordless Magic Blocked (Broken 32%) - A.P.W.B.D, November 1981

100% Eidetic Memory Blocked (12% broken naturally) - A.P.W.B.D, November 1981

Loyalty Keyed to Albus Dumbledore - sent via charm 1991, readministered 1992

Loyalty to Molly Weasley - sent via charm 1991, readministered 1992

Loyalty to Ronald Weasley - Administered 1991

Loyalty to Hermione Granger - Administered December 1991

Loyalty to the Light Side - Administered via charm 1991

Loyalty to Gryffindor - Compulsion administered by A.P.W.B.D, 1991

Hatred of Dark Magic/Side/Families - Administered Nov 1981, continuous until June 1997

Hatred keyed to Severus Snape - Administered 1991

Temere Agere - Compulsion spell to act reckless - A.P.W.B.D, 1991 - 1997

Odio Studere - Compulsion Spell to hate studying - A.P.W.B.D, 1991 - 1997

Pudor Familia - Compulsion spell to have shame of family life - A.P.W.B.D, 1991 - Continued by G.M.W-P

Heroica Actio - Compulsion spell to create Heroic Complex - A.P.W.B.D, 1991 - 1997

Love potion keyed to Ginevra Weasley - Administered in low doses since 1992 - A.P.W.B.D, Molly L. Weasley and Ginevra M. Weasley-Potter

Horcrux - 1/32nd of Tom Marvolo Riddle (accidental, 1981) Destroyed in 1997

Contracts:

Marriage contract to Ginevra M. Weasley signed by Molly L. Weasley and Albus (…) Dumbledore 1990 (Illegally signed) - Destroyed

Gifted and Hereditary Skills :

Wandless and Wordless Magic
Eidetic Memory
All-speak

Natural Metamorphagus
Natural Occlumens and Legilimens

Titles :

Lady Magic's chosen Child
Master of Death
The Balancer / Magics Grey Lord
Crown Prince of Avalon

And Harry's response?

"Oh my fuck."

Before he rather promptly, passed the fuck out in his seat.

Chapter End Notes

Since Harry, now Hadrian, 's birthday is on the 31st of October i'll be going by the same school-year as Tom's, he is in the same year as Tom. They're both born in 1926 and born after September so here's a little rundown that I found! I was incredibly confused because as a Brit, the idea of being born after September and having to figure out what year you'd be in so.. infuriating.
So here is Tom's timeline :

31st December, 1926 - Born
1st September, 1938 - 1st Year (11)
1st September, 1939 - 2nd Year (12)
1st September, 1940 - 3rd Year (13)
1st September, 1941 - 4th Year (14)
1st September, 1942 - 5th Year (15)
1st September, 1943 - 6th Year (16)
1st September, 1944 - 7th Year (17)
~ June, 1945 - Graduates (18)

by Deadbones2000 on Reddit.

Hadrian will be 15 in October 1941, Tom will be 15 in December

1941.

I'm also going with the whole King Arthur Pendragon mythical story, King of Britain, and because Hadrian is Lady Magic's favourite, he gets that title too when he gets older. <3

Family isn't always blood.

Chapter Summary

> Harry becomes Hades, Hecate becomes Amaris. And Hades finds out what it's like to be an older brother.

Silverfang and Exai were totally not panicking at seeing Harry slump over in his chair after his exclamation... Totally not. That was a lie, Silverfang shot up instantly out of his chair and the Goblin King rushed forward incase Harry fell forward out of the chair. Silverfang began the incantation for to awaken Harry, but before he could even get the full words out, Harry sat straight up.

His magic had done the work for him, that was good. It meant Harry's magic was almost... Sentient. Exai found that interesting but after the day he'd had, he'd just resigned to this Young One being incredibly gifted. He was after all Mother's chosen.

Harry began blinking aggressively as he spoke, "Terribly sorry about that, I think I went into shock for a second after reading everything." He placed the inheritance test parchment on Silverfang's desk. The goblin took the parchment, his sharp eyes scanning the document with a calculating gaze. His expression remained unreadable, but after a moment, he looked up — straight at the goblin King.

Exai, noticing Silverfang's unusual reaction, stepped forward and leaned over to read the parchment himself. His crimson eyes flickered across the text, his expression betraying nothing for several long moments. Then, with a deep breath, he straightened and looked at Harry. "Well, young one, this must be a lot to take in... but I'm afraid I don't think we in the goblin nation would be able to provide you with all the answers you seek."

He paused, gauging Harry's reaction carefully before continuing, "Perhaps The Mother would be able to help you? You mentioned she spoke with you earlier about your compulsions." As soon as Exai finished speaking, the air in the office shifted. A quiet hum of magic

filled the space, warm and all-encompassing. A brilliant golden orb, shining with an ethereal glow, materialized beside Harry. The orb pulsed once, its radiant light illuminating the room before slowly beginning to dim.

And then, standing in its place, was Lady Hecate herself — Mother Magic incarnate. She looked to be in her 40s, a lovely motherly woman. Though the shimmering of her golden-tanned skin gave away her holiness.

Harry, despite everything he read on that parchment, smiled at the familiar presence. His heart, which had been racing moments before, steadied in her divine presence. He inclined his head slightly in respect. "Hello again, My Lady."

Lady Hecate's expression was soft, yet filled with an ancient knowing. "My dear child," she greeted, her voice both powerful and soothing, "it is good to see you again. It seems you've discovered a few gifts you were given. I'd like to talk to you about those in private, however, Silverfang, please father Hadrian's heirship rings."

Silverfang and Exai snapped out of their shock and both deeply bowed. "Of course, My Divinity." Silverfang spoke before instantly rushing out of the room. Harry.. Or well Hadrian – he quite liked that name -, had to muffle a snort at the speed the poor goblin left the room.

Exai gave another bow to Lady Hecate, "Thank you for blessing us with your prescence, Mother Above." Lady Hecate just waved off his words bashfully, before softly speaking "My Chosen is in need of assistance, I will always arrive when he needs me to." The smile she directed towards Hadrian was so caring that it almost brought him to tears. Hadrian just nodded, tilting his head down slightly.

Silverfang managed to return rather quickly, though his opening of the door made Hadrian jump slightly in his chair. The goblin moved to sit back down at his desk and place down the 5 boxes in his arms. "Your heir-rings, Blessed one."

Hadrian had to shake himself out of the shock that the new title had caused and he leant forward slightly to watch Silverfang open the boxes.

“The first ring is the Peverell ring, it will go on your left middle finger.” The goblin gestured to a a silver band-ring intricately designed with two skeletal hands gently cradling a heart, Hadrian thought it was gorgeous. And from what he knew of the Peverells from his brief research in his past life, the family was rather connected with Death. It made sense.

Hadrian slipped the ring onto his left middle finger like he was told to, and he was instantly wrapped in what felt like cold air. It was almost freezing, yet Hadrian found it... comforting in a way. When it faded away, he sighed happily. The ring accepted.

“The second is the Selwyn ring, they are closely connected to Fae. This will go on your right middle finger.” It was Another silver band-ring this time adorned with intricately detailed skulls and chrysanthemum flowers; Hadrian mentally giggled at the fact that he had compared his new look to Fae. How fitting. He placed the ring onto the finger he was told to, and winced slightly as he felt a prick to his finger underneath where the ring sat. Ah, it must be testing his blood. The magic of the ring seemed happy, and it settled. Perhaps this meant he was partly of fae descent? Cool.

“The Ravenclaw ring, on your left pointer finger.” A black ring twisted to portray a flower wrapped around ones finger with a dark blue gemstone in the middle. The gemstone had the Ravenclaw insignia carved into it. Harry let his fingers gently trace over the ring before slipping it on. The magic felt inquisitive, almost studying him before it receded and re-sized to fit his finger.

“Now, the Emrys ring, this will also go onto your left pointer finger. It will merge with the Ravenclaw one.” A black, textured band ring adorned with a small, emerald-green gemstone in the center. It was quite inconspicuous, but that made sense to Hadrian. A ring that shouted ‘I’m an Emrys heir!’ sounds like a terrible idea... He placed it above the Ravenclaw ring, and it felt so... odd. The magic felt like a warm hug, one that brought tears to his eyes before it accepted him.

“And finally... The Pendragon ring. This will go onto your right pointer finger.” A meticulously crafted silver crown ring, adorned with small red gemstones and an emblem of a sword in the centre. This was the ring Hadrian was most fearful of. This was King Arthur’s line, that

much he knew. Who didn't?! King Arthur was a legend. What if it didn't accept Hadrian? Sure, the test stated that Lady Magic appointed him but what if that wasn't enough?

A gentle hand rested on his shoulder, and he turned to look up at Lady Hecate, she just gave him a knowing smile and gestured to the ring. Hadrian straightened himself up, took and deep breath and reached for the ring. He slipped it onto his hand and gasped. The magic of this ring was so... so strong. It felt like it was testing his very soul. Looking for power and strength. Hadrian just stayed still, though the feeling of the magic prodding inside of him felt uncomfortable. He let out the loudest sigh and sagged into his chair when the magic hummed happily and retreated. "That... was intense." He mumbled.

When Hadrian finally looked up from the rings on his hands, he immediately focused in on the odd yellowish glow around Exai. "Your Majesty... Why are you glowing yellow?" He asked cautiously, and when Exai's head snapped to him, the goblins face changed from confusion to awe.

"Young one, I believe you're seeing my magical aura. It's a rather rare thing amongst wixen." Exai grinned sharply, "Oh good good, very good."

Hadrian just turned to Lady Hecate with a questioning look, "It's from the Emrys line. The ring accepting you gave you a boost in the emrys magic, like the other rings did for those specific families, and led to the magic being unlocked in you. With your new identity, all of the heirships you claimed are in your bloodline. So magical sensitivity and the sight of magical aura will have been a dormant skill with the Emrys line. I will tell you more about the others when we get to whichever home you decide to stay in." She finished with a nod. Hadrian didn't really know what was going on, but just decided to accept it anyways.

"Right... So... About the whole 'home' situation, I wouldn't be very good at knowing whats best. Lady Hecate, where do you advise me to stay?" He tilted his head in question, wondering if she would take a while to answer or not. "The Selwyn castle, my dear." Came her response, rather quickly. "Excuse my language but it is warded to hell and back, plus with me being your magical guardian it means I myself can add wards. No one's getting in."

Hecate had quite the cheeky grin on her face when mentioning she's Hadrian's guardian, Hadrian just stared at her in shock. "But it didn't say I had a magical guardian on the paper?" He whispered out.

"Of course not, because technically I'm not a human being with a soul therefore legally I can't be. But mortal legalities mean nothing to me, and the goblin nation do not entirely follow wixen morals or laws... Therefore, When I registered your birth certificatewith the ministry the name of your guardian is "Amaris Hecate Selwyn', I'm going to be posing as your aunt, your mothers' sister. Don't worry, I'll explain your backstory later." Her grin widened. Hadrian was sure his expression was one full of emotion. Lady Hecate, THE mother magic, the goddess of magic, has taken it upon herself to place herself in a familial position for him. Hadrian didn't know if he wanted to cry or laugh with joy.

"Okay okay, different topic. Lady Hecate, I'm sure this is a rather stupid question because you know everything and probably have already done it. But did you send a letter to Hogwarts?" And the immediate answer was "Of course I did, my little Hades. Don't worry, like I said, you have a backstory and I'll tell you it later. There are no holes, even if someone went digging all the way back to your birth, they'd find no mistakes. In this life you've already received your Hogwarts acceptance letter." The Lady winked, and Hadrian... felt warm inside at the nickname. Hades was a nice nickname, of course he quite like Harry too but he wanted to be far from that past identity. So, Hades it is.

He nodded in response, before looking back to Silverfang and Exai. The two goblins were just watching them with looks of awe, clearly seeing the goddess of magic so easily conversing with someone was quite surprising,

"Do we have anything else we need to look at?" Hades asked the two, snapping them out of their frozen states.

"No, Young Heir, nothing else." Silverfang replied, and Hades nodded. "Then we shall get going, I clearly have a lot of shopping to do. Especially robes, from what very little I read about pureblood etiquettes, I need to be dressed befitting of my station. And I definitely don't own any clothes yet." Hades said, bashfully smiling as Hecate

ruffled his hair in response. Hades stood up, gently brushing down the front of his suit.

“May your coffers stay ever full, Silverfang and King Exai.” Hades said with a small bow of his head.

“May your enemies cower at the sight of you, Blessed One” Exai replied with a sharp grin, that Hades matched. Not that he knew that, of course, he couldn’t see his own face. But the look of pure glee on Exai’s face gave him the idea that it was quite a bloodthirsty smile.

“Let us go, Hades. I also need to change my forms.” Hecate spoke with a hum, her hand resting on his upper back. The goblins gave her a bow, before they were surrounded by a rather bright light. It forced Hades to close his eyes, *Damn that was bright,* he thought. When he slowly opened his eyes, half expecting the light to still be there, he was instead greeted by Lady Hecate looking quite similar to him. There were key differences of course, her hair was more of a red with hints of black, both of her eyes were a soft green. When Hades looked at her, his thoughts were full of his mother. Of course, she didn’t look exactly like Lily, but she had a few similarities to Lily and Hades that would make it obvious they were related.

“Your mother, Heather Lily Selwyn, looked much like your mother Lily. And yes the name was on purpose, just think of your parents as being James and Lily still.” She gave him a soft smile, clearly knowing where his thoughts were headed. Hades nodded, giving a bow to the goblins before Hecate, or “Please call me Aunt Amaris, we both need to get used to that name”, directed him out of Gringotts.

He did his best to keep his head high and back straight, not wanting to slouch over to make himself appear smaller, that would do him no good in this life. The last time he saw Diagon Alley it was deserted, almost lifeless. So it was safe to say Hades was feeling semi-emotional at the liveliness of the street.

He began heading down the Alley, with... Aunt Amaris... by his side. Amaris moved forward, her hand once again resting on his upper back as she began guiding him in the direction of a shop called Twilift and Tattings, thankful that she did because Hades was incredibly out of his

depth when it came to fashion. Walking in, he looked around at the entrance. It was quite gorgeous.

"Good evening, Madam and Sir" Came from a man behind the front desk. "I'm Edgar Twilift, how may I help you?"

"My nephew is in need of an entire new wardrobe, as well as Hogwarts robes." Lady Hecate – *Amaris, her voice whispered in his head.* - said, "We've just recently come back to England, and he could do with a clothes update" She chuckled.

Twilift nodded with a smile, "Of course Madam. If you'll both follow me, my wife will take your measurements and I'm assuming by the look on the poor lad's face, you will be deciding on styles on colours, Ma'am?" His smile widened; it was quite obvious that Hades was entirely unsure about what he even wanted. Hecate just nodded with a quiet giggle at the look on Hades' face.

Edgar guided both of them further into the shop, where a woman – presumably his wife – was waiting with a gentle smile. Hades focused on her aura, decided now would be a good chance to test out his apparent magical sight. She had a soft blue light surrounding her, peaceful... calming. Hades liked that.

"Good evening, my names Cassandra Twilift." The woman said, already gesturing towards the dais in the centre. "Step up here dear, I'll get your measurements." And Hades did as he was told, sending a look to Lady Hec-.. Aunt Amaris.

If you can hear me, My Lady, please I beg you do not make me go through clothing options. I will make a fool of myself. He got a mental twinkle of laughter in response, and looking towards her he could tell she was trying to stuff down her laughter.

He thankfully was saved from any embarrassment by Lady Twilift's measuring tape coming towards him, it measured practically every area of his body before zipping away back to the woman. "Done, now... by the look on your face, young man, you don't seem like you'd enjoy looking through clothes." Cassandra said, a knowing glint in her eyes and an almost teasing smile on her face. Hades just nodded, and Amaris thankfully took over from there. Hades moved away from the dais to sit on a nearby chair, almost instantly blocking out the talk of

clothes.

He had a lot of things to go over, so much had happened and he desperately needed to sort out his thoughts before he imploded.

He was here, in 1941, and he'd be going to Hogwarts with Tom fucking Riddle. Great. That was normal, totally fine and normal. Hades definitely won't lose his shit the moment he notices Tom. Though he was here for a reason, he knew that. From what he knew of the memories Dumbledore had him view *(arguably one of the only good things Albus did to him, showing Hades exactly why on earth Tom would hate Dumbledore. The man didn't even help the kid! Just decided he was evil right off the bat!)* Tom wouldn't be creating his first Horcrux until 6th year... good that gave Hades some time to try and direct him away from Soul Magic.

Perhaps he could use his titles to prove his point? Everyone's well aware of the Peverell's connections to Death... and well... Necromancy. If Hadrian damn Peverell, from a family that is known for being connected to death, makes his aversion to Soul Magic obvious, perhaps people will listen. It's like the Black's, if the Black's are scared of a strain of magic then you damn well know to stay away from it. Hm, that could work.

Gods, he had so much to learn. Though didn't his test say he had an eidetic memory? That would help, thankfully. Hades doesn't know if he'd be able to retain this much information without well... falling apart at the seams. And Dumbledore.. Hades knew what he was doing in that department; Staying far far away. He was probably going into Slytherin this time around, which would make the man focus on him more. After all, evil little snakes can't get away with anything! And his last name.. Well last names, will catch the mans attention, but he won't do anything to make the man speak to him. He'll keep a respectful yet cold distance. If Albus asks any questions not about his education, Hades will respond negatively, Albus is a teacher not the headmaster and he doesn't need to know anything other than Hades' education. Good, yes, he'll do that.

By the time Hades had the bones of his plan, Aunt Amaris (Lady Hecate) was stood in front of him with a knowing smile. "We're all done, Hades. The clothes will be owl ordered to our house. We'll uh,

order... everything else you need via catalogs from other shops." She finished with a wink. Hades sighed and stood up, stretching his back. How long was he sat there for? *An hour,* came Hecate's response. Damn.

He gave a respectful bow to Mr. and Mrs. Twilift, "Thank you both for your help today. Have a nice day." He said with a small smile, the two waved off his thanks with big grins and said goodbye. Hades followed his Aunt.. Out of the shop and up towards the aparition point at the entrance of the Alley. "Come along, love. It's time you see your new home, " Her voice dropped into a whisper "Obviously, there's no need to by magical items when I myself am Magic. Nor do you need to buy a wand, I'll be making it"

Hades just blinked and nodded, before Amaris' hand gently held his upper arm before apparating them away. Hades only stumbled slightly when they landed, but that was arguably better than whatever the hell happened to him in his past life every time he tried magical transportation. "Holy shit." Was the only thing that left his mouth when he finally looked up at the Selwyn Castle.

It was fucking gorgeous, in Hades' humble opinion. It was huge, a light tan colour with slate-grey roofing. There were multiple towers, turrets, and gables, in a Renaissance-style architecture. They were currently stood in the middle of a large courtyard, meticulously landscaped with numerous flowerbeds and hedges. Flowerbeds, in various shapes, with a vibrant selection of colourful flowers. The castle itself was surrounded by maintained grass, huge sprawling fieds. *This is our fucking garden??* A large fountain was situated in the center of the courtyard, with small statues of sirens surrounding it.

"I don't think I'm ever going to remember where everything is, Auntie" Hades said, but was quickly sidetracked by the amount of... people? Stood on the front step. Amaris giggled, "Those are fae, Hades. You were told that the Selwyn family are quite intertwined with Fae, yes? Well, dark-fae often came to the Selwyn's for protection, and in response were hired. I of course kept them here, fae are some of my favourites" She said with a wink towards the fae stood infront of the door, resulting in most of them giggling and giving a low bow to the two.

They were beautiful—ethereal in a way that made Hades' breath catch. Their features were sharp yet delicate, their eyes ranging from deep pools of violet to gold that gleamed like captured sunlight. Their hair, long and flowing, seemed kissed by moonlight, ranging from soft silvers to hues of deep autumn. Much like his new looks, in a way. And yet, despite their breathtaking beauty, there was something undeniably dangerous about them.

The way they stood, perfectly poised, eyes trained upon him and Lady Hecate with a softness he was not yet used to. Then, from among them, one stepped forward.

She was tall, taller than most of the others, with long, flowing white hair cascading down her back in soft waves. Her silver eyes shimmered like liquid mercury, holding an ancient knowing that sent a shiver down Harry's spine. She carried herself with an effortless grace, moving like the wind itself, and the moment she stepped forward, the entire courtyard seemed to still.

She came to a halt before him and Amaris, her gaze sweeping over him with quiet scrutiny before she inclined her head ever so slightly.

Then she smiled—soft yet knowing, filled with something Harry couldn't quite name. "Little Master," she greeted, her voice smooth and melodic, as if woven from the very essence of the night itself. "We are glad that Mother has brought you here, she informed us of everything. We are in the know about your past life."

Harry stiffened a little, glancing at Amaris for confirmation, but she merely remained silent, a wide grin on her face.

The fae woman did not seem surprised by his hesitation. If anything, her smile deepened, a glint of amusement dancing in her silver eyes. "My name is Nyxara, I am the Head of the fae here at Selwyn Castle. I report directly to you and Mother, and make sure the others are up to date with anything concerning you. I am to be your right hand, if you will."

Hades just stared, before letting out a bark of a laugh. "Oh this will be so fun, thank you Nyxara." He spoke with a grin, turning to Amaris with the brightest grin he'd had in quite a while. "Can we go inside?" He got a nod in return, and began almost skipping towards the front doors, waving at the fae that were watching him with fond expressions. He stopped though, when he noticed a rather young fae

amongst them. “Hello” He said softly, with a smile. The girl moved forward, before her hand came up to gently touch his ears. “Hello Master Hadrian, sir. You have fae blood in you, did you know? My name is Selris. I am Nyxara’s daughter”

Hades thought she was adorable with her messy white hair and wide silvery eyes, a small part of him thought of Luna when he looked at her. Oh how he missed his eccentric Luna, “I did not know I have Fae blood, but that is good to know. How old are you, Selris?”

“I am 7, sir.” Came the sweet reply.

“Well, Selris, would you like to join me and Lady Hecate whilst we look around? I know Lady Hecate probably knows where everything is, but I don’t. And I'm sure I could use some expert advice from the sweetest person in the house.” He said, leaning down to her height. The wide smile he got in response was worth it. It may have been a sharp smile, one common amongst fae, but it didn’t put Hades off at all. Selris looked towards her mother, Nyxara, and got a nod and a smile in response.

Her hand came up to gently hold onto Hades’ sleeve, and they both walked in through the front doors. Safe to say, Hades just found his new favourite person. And that was confirmed even more when she asked if Hades could carry her, and he obliged. He walked through the castle, with Selris pointing out different things (and Nyxara and Hecate pointing out other things that Selris didn’t know about.)

By the time nightfall came, Hades was exhausted. He had found himself treating Selris like his younger sister, and the adult fae were treating Hades like their own child. Selris evoked such strong emotions in Hades that he almost asked Nyxara to adopt him so he could be the older brother. Though Amaris gave him a knowing look and he immediately shut that thought down with a strong blush on his cheeks and hung his head in shame.

All in all, Hades loved Selwyn Castle. *This, is what home should feel like.*

There is no end to learning.

Chapter Summary

A friend from the past and some lessons.

Chapter Notes

Ah!! My apologies for the radio silence over the last month. I intended to get a chapter out pretty quickly after the last one but as soon as I began writing this my brain sort of.. froze. I didn't really know what to write, so this chapter is incredibly short despite how long it's taken me to actually finish it.

I promise the next chapter will be longer, since it'll be Hades' "first day" at Hogwarts and I intend to do all of his first day in one chapter.

Though I will say, I can't guarantee it won't take me a month again lol, so please be patient <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By the time the morning rolled around, Hades found himself in the middle of a rather large comfortable bed. He blinked sleepily at his surroundings, he must've been moved to his new room upon falling asleep on the sofa. He pushed himself to sit up with a yawn, absentmindedly casting a wandless and wordless tempus, 7:30am on the dot. Curse my stupid body-clock.

He eventually managed to drag himself out of bed with a grumble about "cupboards" and "azkaban" ruining his ability to have good sleep, and trudged over to a door in his room. A wardrobe, hopefully. When he pulled the door open, what he was not expecting was his "wardrobe" to be another entire room full of clothes. Clothes that he did not think he owned yet, but clearly Amaris had worked her... magic... (that thought made him cackle to himself) and created quite a large amount of clothes on top of whatever they had ordered the day prior. Though he did think, 'how on mothers earth did they finish making all of the clothes Aunty ordered so quickly. Eh... not my problem to worry about' before he walked into the "wardrobe room" and picked out some comfortable clothes. He was not about to strut about in his new home at 7:30 in the morning in a full get-up, so he settled for some sweatpants and a hoodie. Thank the gods and

goddesses that those were invented by this time.

Once changed he dragged himself over to another door in his room, hopefully a bathroom, and when he pulled the door open he was thankfully correct. He went about his business, sleepily brushing his teeth, brushing his hair and whatever else he decided to do. About 10 minutes later he exited his bedroom entirely, before deciding to at least try to find the dining room... hopefully.

It took about 30 minutes of Hades going down the wrong hallways, going into the wrong rooms and coming across far too many paintings of people he didn't know that were just staring at him in wonder, before finally he ended up in the dining room. Amaris (Hecate) was of course sitting at that table with a certain look on her face that half-asleep Hades wasn't sure he appreciated.

"Have fun?" She hummed, Hades just glared before sitting down.

"No I did not have fun walking into a room that held about 20 portraits of dead people who stared at me like I'm some odd fairytale" He huffed, letting his head drop forward onto the table. "I'm too tired for living right now." He muttered.

"Well, you better wake up. You've got a lot to learn, and I need to tell you about your backstory." Now that made Hades perk up, and he instantly sat upright in his chair, all signs of tiredness gone.

Amaris continued, "Right, so. Your parents Silus James Peverell and Heather Lily Selwyn, passed away on the 3rd of June this year, due to Grindelwald personally killing them. The reason? Why they're Peverell's of course, and Grindelwald wants his filthy little hands on the Deathly Hallows."

When she said the words 'Deathly Hallows' the only thought in Hades' mind was 'I need to talk to Death about that' which got the prompt response of "Yes, you do need to speak to me, Master."

Hades almost jumped into the air in response to the voice next to his ear, and when he turned to face whoever just spoke to him, he was met with the face of a rather young-looking man. His hair was entirely far too black, it looked as if it sucked in all of the surrounding light. His eyes too, seemed to be the same. "Hello.. Death..." Hades gritted

out, “Please don’t ever scare me like that again, I felt my heart try to jump out of my chest” The only response he got was a wide grin from the God.

“I’ll let you carry on your conversation with lovely Amaris before we talk about what we need to, master” The God hummed, before settling into a chair next to Hades. “Right...” was Hades' only response before turning back to face Amaris. Amaris just looked quite entertained, though a bit annoyed at being cut off.

“So yes, “ She continued “Your parents were killed, however you were mainly raised by me during your life, since it’s rather hard raising a child whilst on the run around the world. Why were they on the run? Again, Grindelwald and Peverell’s. Since Grindelwald did not know of my or your existence, he never realised that Heather and Silus had a child, or living family. I’ve been your magical guardian & guardian in general your entire life due to your parents being in hiding. You knew them, but not much. You’ve been homeschooled by me since I, Amaris Selwyn, have multiple masteries in certain subjects.” She grinned, “And because you were not super close with your parents, that is why you’re not incredibly upset and distressed over losing your parents. So there’s your reasoning for not always being in tears. Now, onto why we’re only now putting you in Hogwarts, due to your parents fear they asked for you to go into a wixen school if they died before you turned 18, since they’d no longer be able to lead Grindelwald on a wild Goose chase, and you’d be more protected in wixen population. Got it?”

Hades’ only thought was ‘Well, that’s a lot of information’ before he nodded, “Would you be able to create pictures of what my supposed parents look like? I think it’ll hold more credibility if I had a picture of them on my bedside stand in my dorms at Hogwarts.”

Amaris looked at him, before snapping her fingers and a moving picture appeared in front of Hades. It was the same picture of his parents from his past life, of them dancing in front of the fountain. Hades held back his tears, “So… they’re my parents here too?.. Good. Good that helps.” He muttered, before breathing in deeply to calm himself down.

“Right, well. What else do we need to do today?” He asked, looking up at Death and Amaris. Death cut in there, “Master, i’m sure you’re

aware by now that you're the Master of Death.. Since I've been calling you Master." The god grinned cheekily, Hades thought it was quite hilarious. "That's all I needed to say really, you're a Peverell because I decided so and asked Lady Hecate to make it your name. Call on me if you need me, master.!" Death said before disappearing into a shroud of black smoke.

Hades dropped his head into his hands, muttering about "Gods and their dramatics." before being hit in the back of the head softly by Amaris. "Ouch, not sorry though. I'm correct" He grumbled.

"Now… where's Selris?" Hades said after finally defending himself from Amaris' smacks to the back of his head.

"Make sure the nargles don't get to you this time around." Came from behind him, and the familiar speech made Hades' head snap around so fast he almost gave himself whiplash. Selris stood there, looking at him with her wide unblinking eyes. Hades hesitated, his eyes flicking over to Amaris and back to Selris.

"... Little Moon?" Softly left his mouth, and the big smile on Selris' face as she said "Hello again Big Star" made tears well up in Hades eyes.

"Luna?.. What.. What's happening?" Hades said, forcing himself to not break down in case whatever was happening wasn't real.

"Selris is Luna, Hades. They share the same soul, a reincarnation if you will. With all her memories intact." Amaris spoke softly, and Selris launched herself into Hades arms. Amaris carried on, "That's why you picked her out amongst the other fae yesterday, you felt her soul and you knew it was familiar. Not to mention I heard you mentally say she was similar to Luna. I wished for it to be a surprise, to have your sister in all but blood with you once more."

And if Hades broke down crying at that revelation, that was between

those 3 and those 3 only.

After Hades had all but refused to allow Selris out of his sight, knowing that she was who he missed the most, the two stuck together for the rest of the day. The other fae seemed to realise something important had happened, and Nyxara was just glad Selris had now found Hadrian. She was well aware of her daughter's past-life, and was glad that Selris was no longer sulking at not having her “brother” around.

Hades' lessons had begun almost immediately upon his arrival into Selwyn Castle, the fae that lived there had thought that it was of utmost importance that Hades learn the signature fae smile. Sharp, full of too many teeth and downright horrifying to be subjected to. Hades had tested it a few times on Amaris, and it was safe to say Amaris did not enjoy seeing that smile directed to her. Hades internally cheered over his success, he could use this on a few people to scare them into shutting up.

Death had also joined for teaching Hades, though he’d asked to be called Mortimer - resulting in Hades calling him Uncle Morty instead, much to the Gods' chagrin. The deity had taught Hades how to call upon the Deathly Hallows, which then resulted in Hades’ panicking over the fact that he was holding the Elder Wand when it’s supposed to be in Grindelwald’s possession. Death had outright cackled at that, and stated that the wand Grindelwald had was a replica, and the man wouldn’t know the difference. Hades was still on edge but accepted it regardless. The Hallows had become tattoos upon his skin, the deathly hallows symbol being placed at the base of the back of his neck,

hidden by his hair.

The deity had also decided to gift Hades a few more skills, though the result of being given those gifts had made Hades become far more adept at sneaking up on people. Shadow-walking was… well… something that was dead useful, pun intended. He could travel through the shadows, and promptly used them to scare Amaris to the point where the Goddess of Magic was convinced she'd be able to have a heart-attack if it continued.

He'd learnt how to hold himself, how to introduce himself properly. Never bow, he is of far too high status to bow to anyone. His posture must always be perfect - Amaris had made sure of it by forcing Hades to walk around with a ruler tied to his back for 3 days. It was safe to say Hades would never slouch again, he was far too terrified of what would happen if Amaris found out he did.

Selris too had taught Hades a few lessons, which mostly consisted of her talking about blibbering humdingers and nargles. Though she did tell him that her middle name was also 'Luna' to honour her past self, which resulted in Hades now calling her Luna instead of Selris. It helped, having her around.

A few days into his stay at Selwyn Manor, Amaris had approached him with his new wand. "I know using the Elder Wand would be far too dangerous, so I have made you a new one. It's an exact match to your magic, so it should just feel like an extension of yourself." Is what she had said, and the wand she presented was arguably the prettiest wand Hades had ever seen. It was a deep black, and towards the handle it faded into white. There were small carvings of thestrals on the handle, and when Hades held it, it felt… magnificent. His magic surged towards the wand and connected, "Black walnut and Aspen for the wood, and well… magic as the core." Amaris was proud of the wand, and a little excited at the fact that Hades' wand held her magic in it. Hades had almost instantly wrapped her up in a hug, thanking her multiple times.

He got good use out of the wand, he was constantly in the duelling room firing off as many spells as he possibly could - mostly illegal ones. Thank the stars for not having The Trace on his wand.

On the 7th of July Mortimer had scared Hades once again by appearing right behind the teen, Hades was not happy. “Morty! I could’ve had a heart attack, you little shit!” Hades almost yelled, though Mortimer’s response had frozen him, “You can’t have a heart attack, Master, as you do not have a heart.” The shit-eating grin on the deity’s face didn’t really help Hades inner panic.

“I do have a heart, Morty, I have a pulse.” Hades shook his head, turning to face Mortimer. “You do not have a real pulse, Hades. Your heart is fake, god-made in order to not alert people if they touch you and you have no pulse. You are not human, though you do have fae in you, but that is purely because of Amari’s intervention. Did you not realise at Gringotts that your blood is black? That is the sign of a non-human deity.”

Hades fell silent, he didn’t exactly hate the idea, but it would’ve been nice to know that. “Is that why I feel so cold to the touch? Because i’m.. not alive?” He asked quietly, and received a nod from the God of Death. “Nor can you die, Little Master” Mortimer said before leaving to allow Hades time to understand everything.

That conversation stayed in Hades’ head for a few days until he mentally decided it really did not matter. So what if he wasn’t technically living? That just makes it far easier for certain plans, he can’t be killed!

Over his lessons at his home, he’d taken a strong liking to warding and runes. Amaris had taught him many different types of wards, because Hades’ reasoning was “If I end up rooming with Tom bloody Riddle I need to keep myself entirely safe from him or his knights until I can worm my way in. We both know I'm going to be in Slytherin, Aunty, and if I can instantly show that i’m not messing around when it comes to my belongings or my health, it’ll send quite the message.” So, she did teach him. Silencing wards, runes he could carve into his bed frame to prevent anyone from touching it, wards in parseltongue that weren’t technically created by anyone yet but in her words “I’m Lady Magic if I say my nephew will be learning these wards then I don’t care if no ones made them yet!”

Hades agreed with her.

One day Mortimer had taken it upon himself to “spice up” Hades’ looks, in his own words and stuck by Hades’ side for a few hours. Upon the deity leaving (with a rather smug look on his face) Amaris had walked in, stared at Hades’ hair and told him to go look in a mirror. He did, and found that two pieces at the front of his hair had turned a stark white. “Uhm, Aunty… was this Morty’s doing? I’m going to assume it was” and her response was an automatic “Yes, yes it was. Being around Death changes people physically. Though you’re not living so that was intentional.” Hades just accepted it.

It seemed that he’d found his new motto in this life - “Just roll with it at this point.”

Over August saw Mortimer teaching Hades more and more, wanting to make sure Hades was “the perfect master of death that anyone has ever seen, even though you were always destined to be my master and there never has been anyone else” - that sentence had forced a bark of a laugh out of Amaris.

The more skills he was taught, the more marks appeared on Hades body. Learning the skill of necromancy had resulted in 2 black rings around each of his wrists, Mastering shadow-walking properly had formed a ring of black around each of his upper-biceps. And on the 20th of August he had fully mastered Death Magic, his magic felt icy to the touch, and a small black scythe appeared in the centre of his chest. Hades was not happy about having to hide so many “tattoos” when he went to Hogwarts, but thankfully the uniform was long-sleeved.

August finally bled into September, and on the morning of the 1st of September, at 9am, Hades was sat at the dining table eating his breakfast. Thankfully, they were not going via the Hogwarts Express, Hades would be flooing directly to Headmaster Dippet’s office, and then being escorted down to the Great Hall.

Hades did not want to spend hours on the train, there were still things he had to go over before leaving for Hogwarts. Amaris had written to Armando Dippet, telling the man that “Hades does not feel safe enough to be on public travel at the moment, due to his upbringing of being careful and hidden I ask for your permission for him to floo directly to your office. It will also help that I know he will be safe directly in your care.” And by the Gods it worked immediately, Dippet felt bad for the poor boy and of course Hades could floo to Hogwarts at 7pm.

So that was one thing Hades didn’t have to worry about, but another thing on his mind recently was.. What on earth was he going to do about Tom Riddle? Sure, he became Hades’ worst nightmare in the future but that wasn’t his fault really. And so what if the guys a little crazy? Hades would be too living in 1940s Britain in the middle of a war and going to a school where none of the trusted adults really gave a fuck about him! Though.. If Hades was being honest that was exactly his own life.

Perhaps he’ll join Tom... iron out some of the downright atrocities the man might commit but a bit of murder on the side isn’t something Hades was in any position to yell about.

For now though, he’d just focus on scarfing down his breakfast.

Chapter End Notes

> Hades/Harry calling Luna/Selris "Little Moon" will always be my favourite thing to write. And Luna/Selris calls him "Big Star" because it's cuter than "Big Sun"

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